The Aborted Nixon Revolution *Hans J. Morgenthau*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—August 11, 1973, 50 cents

Suppressing Evidence

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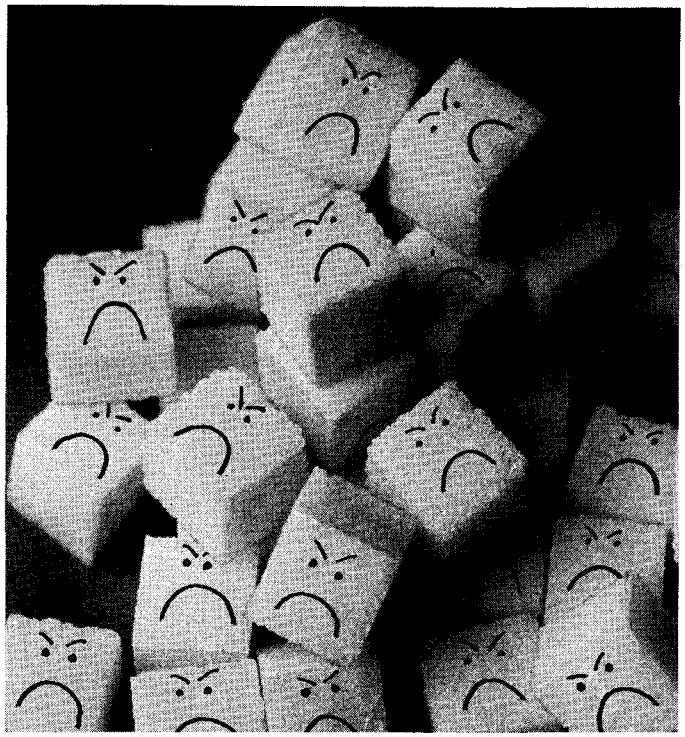

A sour view of that sweet stuff.

America has turned into a nation of sugar addicts. In 1972 we consumed an average *126 pounds* of caloried sweeteners per person. More than two pounds a week for each and every one of us. Enough sugar to cause serious danger to your teeth, general health and possibly even your heart.

If you think you're not eating as much sugar as the average American, you're probably mistaken. Much of our sugar intake is *hidden* in sweetened foods like snacks and soda pop, cakes and candy, desserts and cereals, and even in sauces and frozen vegetables.

It's high time we stopped the sweet talk about that sweet stuff. Here are some bitter facts from doctors, nutritionists and the U.S. government:

Sugar contains *no* vitamins, *no* minerals, *no* protein.

Sugar contains *only calories* — as many as 30 per rounded teaspoon.

Sugar is *not* a necessary part of a balanced diet — you do *not* need to eat sugar at all since a healthy body converts all the energy it needs from other foods.

Sugar rots your teeth. Tooth decay afflicts 98% of Americans. And a dental bill can hurt even more than a toothache. Evidence indicates that sugar is the primary villain in causing tooth decay. The sour candy you suck on or the soda pop you suck up drenches your teeth in sugar.

Sugar can make you fat. When you eat sugar it's easy to take in more calories than you need because sugar is *nothing but calories*. And you only need a little sugar to get a lot of calories.

Sugar may affect your heart. Recent studies suggest a relationship between high sugar intake and heart disease. Some doctors believe that eating too much sugar could be as harmful to your heart as excess fat consumption.

Sugar interferes with good nutrition. If you substitute sugar for good nutritive foods, you dilute your nutrient intake. If you add sugar on top of a balanced diet, you'll probably get fat.

What should you do about this sour view of sweet stuff? Now that you know that sugar is not all sweetness and light, here are a few suggestions. Skip presweetened cereals, try a little fresh fruit on regular cereal instead. Put less sugar — or none at all — in your coffee or tea. Stop using sweets as a reward to children for good behavior (or you run the risk of giving them a sweet tooth for life.) Switch to snacks and drinks like nuts, raw fruits, whole and skimmed milk and unsweetened fruit juices.

Actually, the best thing you could do is to completely stop adding sugar to your food. But that's a pretty tall order. What you and your family should do is *cut down on sugar*. You'll be amazed at all the fun things to eat that aren't sweet!

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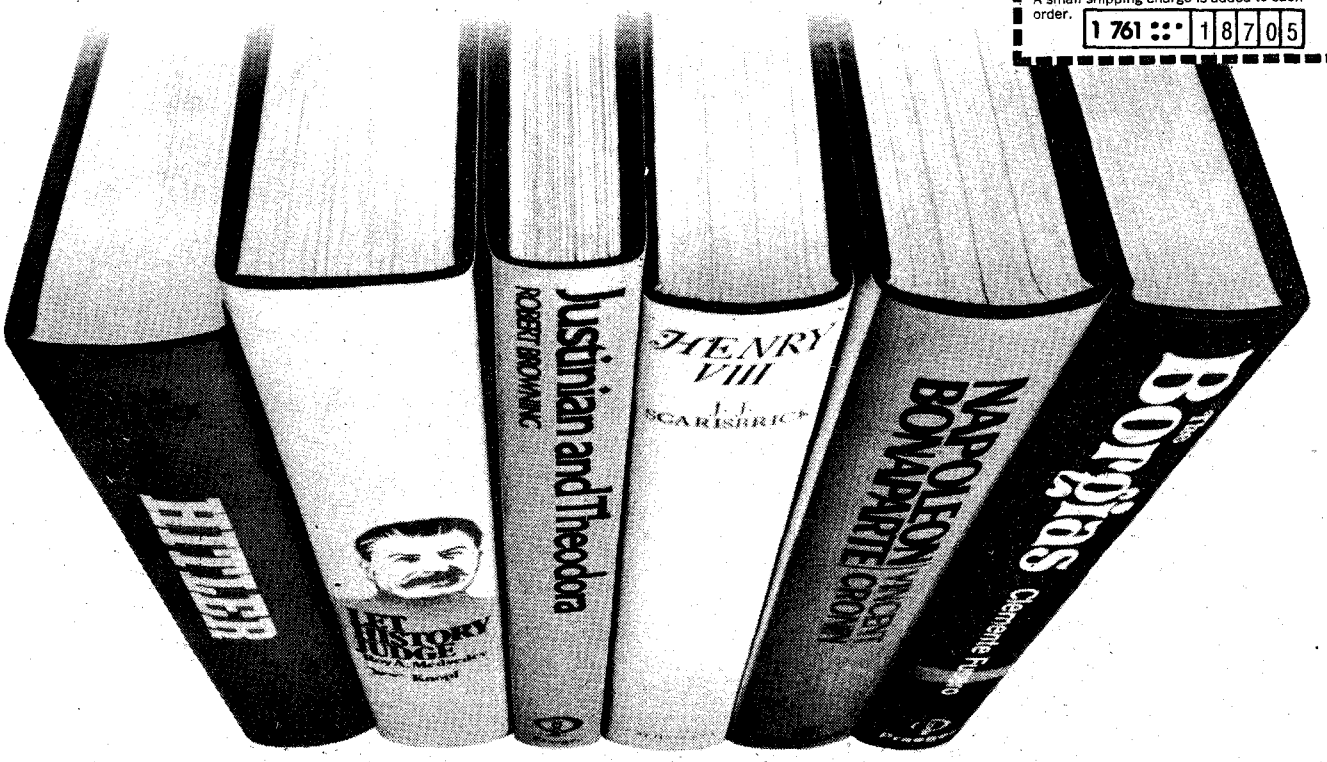

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from Washington
August 11, 1973

The Nixon Reruns

We've been reading a review copy of Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President 1972* and have come across a passage that conjures up delicious possibilities for the historians, not to mention the gossipmongers, now that we know President Nixon was wired for sound from early 1971 until this July.

Says White: "He (Nixon) had a reflex fear of being quoted—particularly since in private his language was hard, stubborn, blunt . . . Sometimes (his) tidiness of mind expressed itself in an outburst of temper—as when an orderly child, building a pile of blocks, flares at someone who tumbles them. The outburst of temper could sound like a snarl, as when his nomination of G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court was rejected by the Senate . . . The full nature of the Nixon mind was probably known only to three people, the three who saw him on a daily basis—Kissinger, Ehrlichman and Haldeman. With such people, the President had no need to conceal the clear tenacity of his thinking.

With Kissinger alone the President could talk of the China problem in terms of Russia . . . With Ehrlichman, he could sit down to talk about the problems of the city and then cut through the guff and say, 'All right, now we're talking about the Negro problem.' But it was with Haldeman that the President was most at ease, Haldeman who could most easily put away his own pride of personality and become the President's instrument, the guardian of his broodings and his privacy."

The passage got us to thinking. How does one buy into a piece of the Richard M. Nixon Library? With the presidential tapes we now know exist to preserve such conversations "for posterity," the RMN Library should outdo Disneyland as Southern California's most bizarre attraction. As White suggests, Nixon on Carswell, Nixon on China in terms of Russia, Nixon on "the Negro problem," Nixon feeding instructions into Haldeman the robot—all with the bark off—should make fascinating listening.

And how about Nixon on Wally Hickel? On William Calley? On Martha Mitchell? On the comings and goings of John Connally? On keeping Spiro on the ticket or dumping him? Or those presidential instructions to Agnew before sending him forth to commit oratorical mayhem? And let's not forget what Nixon said to Haldeman about Ehrlichman when Ehrlichman was not in the room, and what he said to Ehrlichman about Haldeman when Haldeman was not in the room, and what he said to Bebe about both of them, if indeed he ever said anything to Bebe. We're told as part of the folklore that he likes Bebe around because he doesn't have to talk to him. Maybe the tapes can confirm that too.

It all reminds us of the movie "Millhouse" by Emile DeAntonio, which was fashioned from old movie and television film clips, including much footage from out-takes—the discards that were never used in the finished products. There's a marvelous one that shows Nixon in the 1968 campaign doing short TV and radio spots in a studio. He's sitting at a table holding a bunch of index cards, and he tells the director he wants to do a few on civil rights. Suddenly he turns on the public face of sincerity, gives a few brief comments on his commitment to racial equality ("an equal place at the starting line" was the way he used to put it; every man a Jesse Owens). Then he turns off the sincerity face, tosses the index cards aside and says something like, "Okay, that's enough on civil rights." We don't mean to be greedy, but it strikes us that it's an awful shame that the electronic wizards who thought of preserving all the presidential sounds for posterity didn't install a nonstop TV camera too. By the way, has anybody asked about that? Guess not. Too preposterous.

Anyway we ought to be satisfied with the tapes, and we'll probably have a tough enough time getting even the non-Watergate stuff into the public domain. At the John F. Kennedy Library, scores or maybe hundreds of interviews were taped with notables in JFK's life, and only a small portion have been made public. The Kennedy Library has a screening committee headed by Burke Marshall, the former assistant attorney general under Kennedy, that listens to the tapes and decides which can be made public and when. The committee is the overseer on matters not only of national security but also of taste. Presumably the RMN Library will have a similar screening committee. Who would make a good chairman? If an old Justice Department hand is required, how about John Mitchell? No? Then Robert Mardian? Dick Kleindienst? John Dean? The woods are full of men who could be counted on to see that national security and good taste were preserved.

Something tells us, though, that the great brainchild of this most bug-happy of all American regimes will itself be a casualty of Watergate. When the tapes were conceived simply as grist for historians (like Victor Lasky) that was one thing; now they're like fingerprints, or bootmarks in the mud, in an old Basil Rathbone movie. Their availability as mere entertainment, we fear, may be forever lost. We'll probably have to settle for David Frye doing Nixon talking to Haldeman and Ehrlichman in the Oval Office. And even if the tapes are released, how will we know the voice we hear isn't David Frye's?

It's a dilemma. But we're sure the Nixon masters of public relations will work something out. How about installing in the RMN Library one of those animated Presidents like they have in Disney World? Instead of having a lifelike, gesturing Abe Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg Address, the feature attraction could be Dick Nixon walking around (out of sync, of course) mouthing a selected number of his Oval Office tapes. One could be billed "The President Talks to John Dean." Another could be "The President Meets the Plumbers." Or, if the mechanical Nixon breaks down, they could put on "The President Doesn't Talk to Bebe Rebozo." With a little imagination at J. Walter Thompson, it may yet be possible to make a silk purse out of all this.

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Suppressing Evidence

When the Senate Watergate committee received President Nixon's formal reply to its request for tapes of presidential discussions of the Watergate incident, Senator Ervin called attention, with gentle euphemism, to one "rather remarkable" aspect of the President's communication. The letter substantially confirmed the information reported here by John Osborne that "the evidence on the tapes was mixed and confusing" (*TNR*, July 28 & August 4, 1973), and Ervin commented on nationwide television that the President was saying, in essence, that the tapes were subject to "two different interpretations, one favorable to his aides and one not favorable to his aides." What everyone, including Ervin, was thinking, but what the senator could not bring himself to say, was that the letter implied that the tapes might incriminate Richard Nixon himself.

So the country is confronted with the extraordinary situation of a President refusing to disclose to a prosecutor and to a congressional committee physical evidence under his "sole personal control" because, in his own judgment, that evidence could be subject to differing interpretations, some of which are embarrassing to the President or might even prove that he was involved in criminal activity. The doctrines of "executive privilege" and "separation of powers" are being thrown about by the President's lawyers to resist Special Prosecutor Cox's subpoena for tapes of eight conversations and the Ervin committee's demand for recordings of five meetings between Mr. Nixon and John Dean. But the legal and constitutional basis for withholding this evidence is much thinner than the case the President could make against being compelled to testify in person.

How "executive privilege" can rear its head at this point is puzzling. The President has repeatedly said—at least since his statement of May 22—that executive privilege would not be invoked to prevent aides from testifying to conversations in the White House relating to the Ervin committee's investigation—including discussions with the President personally. All witnesses called before the committee who met with the President have been asked about any exchanges they had with him regarding Watergate. Whether Mr. Nixon could have prevented them from testifying as to what was said during those meetings on grounds of executive privilege is a fine question of law that the President chose not to litigate. Now that

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some witnesses have testified to one version of the events and others have contradicted that testimony, it develops that there are tape recordings that could establish who is telling the truth. By reason of the President's earlier decision, there is no privilege covering any participant's full testimony regarding what was said at the meetings. What privilege, then, can there be to keep secret the verbatim record that exists? A tape recording of a conversation is, after all, in the Supreme Court's words, usually "a more reliable rendition of what [has been] . . . said than . . . unaided memory," and the President is now in the position of simply suppressing the best proof available.

It is, moreover, by his own act that Mr. Nixon has turned the quest for the tapes into the major separation-of-powers confrontation that it has become. If the tapes were kept, as they apparently had been prior to Alexander Butterfield's testimony, in a White House closet in the custody of the Secret Service or White House appointments secretary Stephen Bull, subpoenas would not have had to be served on the President personally. But there appears to have been a deliberate decision by Mr. Nixon and his present staff of lawyers to contrive a situation in which Prosecutor Cox and the Ervin committee would have no one but the President to serve with a subpoena for the tapes. That message was communicated to the Senate committee in the President's letter with the observation that the tapes had been under Mr. Nixon's "sole personal control" and "will remain so." Can evidence of crime be placed beyond the reach of subpoena by a President's grab for it and his subsequent assertion that he, alone, of all the citizens of the land, cannot be made answerable to a court or a legislature?

The White House strategy has worked, at least to the extent of befuddling the Ervin committee on procedures. As this issue went to press, the committee was still stumbling over how to obtain a court test of its subpoena without sending out the Senate's sergeant-at-arms to imprison the President. There is, it appears, no specific federal law that authorizes a congressional committee to seek a court's help in enforcing its subpoena, although there is a law that makes it a crime to disobey such a writ. The country's leading constitutional law experts have been called in for consultation, and some have advised that only a new statute giving federal courts jurisdiction to enforce legislative subpoenas will do the trick. If the committee resolves these uncertainties and manages to have Judge Sirica—and ultimately the court of appeals and the Supreme Court—consider the validity of its subpoena, it will still have to establish that the particular tapes it wants are germane to its *legislative* purpose—that is, to the drafting of new legislation on presidential campaign activities. While the President's claim of executive privilege and of separation-of-powers are exceedingly tenuous, the need of the senators—when viewed, as judges are likely to view it, only in their role as lawmakers—is pretty thin too. It is possible, therefore, that there will be enough votes on the Supreme Court to turn back the Senate committee's request.

Special Prosecutor Cox suffers under no such procedural and substantive disabilities. His demand is that of the federal grand jury, whose job it is to investigate federal crimes and make accusations. The tapes are obviously pertinent to that investigation—so much so that if they are never available a respectable legal argument could be made that Messrs. Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Dean could not receive fair trials on any criminal charges that might be made against them. The grand jury's subpoena is a judicial writ, and the President and his lawyers must now persuade Judge Sirica in a paper to be filed by August 7 why the tapes are unlike any other evidence that a grand jury may need. Whether or not the Ervin committee's demand accompanies it, that case is on its way up the judicial ladder. And, if the Supreme Court stands by established law, it is unlikely that it—including even most of the Nixon appointees—will sustain the President's blanket refusal.

Professor Charles Wright, the President's specially retained counsel, has expressed confidence in the outcome of the judicial proceedings, but it is difficult to imagine that he believes that Prosecutor Cox, as well as the Ervin committee, will be denied the specific tapes he requests. And the obvious political damage done to the President by his refusal in terms of loss of public confidence raises deep questions as to Mr. Nixon's motives in withholding this evidence.

If the tapes incriminate the President or those who are still close to him such as Messrs. Haldeman and Ehrlichman, the reason for their nondisclosure is obvious. If they do not, they are probably being kept secret simply to save embarrassment. The letter to the Ervin committee speaks of "a great many very frank and very private comments, on a wide range of issues and individuals, wholly extraneous to the committee's inquiry." One may surmise from John Ehrlichman's week-long performance on nationwide television, for example, that in private meetings with the President he expressed candid, possibly scornful, views of participants in the drama—particularly if, as now appears, he was unaware that his every word was being echoed for posterity. Even John Dean's brief references to unflattering remarks made in the Oval Office about Ervin committee members occasioned red faces; full disclosure of the meetings may produce much of the same.

If Prosecutor Cox—and Cox alone—obtains the tapes under grand jury subpoena, they must remain secret by law until they are used in a trial or otherwise made public by court order. The same restriction does not, of course, apply to the Senate committee, which has already put on the public record the transcripts of recorded telephone conversations which it obtained under subpoena. That means that the President's refusal to produce the tapes, even if he loses in court to

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the special prosecutor, will keep the transcripts from public view until that remote time in the future when —if ever—John Dean, John Ehrlichman or H. R. Haldeman goes to trial. Since Prosecutor Cox's team—unlike the predecessor group of assistant United States attorneys—has been astoundingly successful in keeping secret what should, under established legal principles, be kept secret, the full tapes may never be known until the history of the Nixon administration for which they are said to have been initially made is finally written. The public's right to know what its officials did in public office is not, unfortunately, separately represented in the constitutional litigation.

Lies about Cambodia

On April 30, 1970, announcing his invasion of Cambodia, President Nixon asserted that the United States had refrained from attacking Vietcong sanctuaries in that land until then "because we did not wish to violate the territory of a neutral nation." And Secretary of State William Rogers, echoing the President's claim at the time, added: "Cambodia is one country where we can say with complete assurance that our hands are clean and our heart is pure."

But an essential fact flaws those pious statements. They were deliberate, conscious, blatant lies.

For under Mr. Nixon's personal direction, B-52s flew 3630 covert missions and dropped more than 100,000 tons of bombs on Cambodia over a 14-month period beginning in March 1969. Moreover the President insisted from the start that "special security procedures" be followed in order to keep the missions secret. Thus there was nothing less than deception in his contention that his policy, in contrast to that of the North Vietnamese, had been "to respect scrupulously the neutrality of the Cambodian people."

All this might have remained hidden had it not been for Hal M. Knight, 37, a former air force officer and now a graduate student in Memphis. Encouraged by Democratic Senator Harold E. Hughes of Iowa, who played a key role last year in the investigation of Major General John Lavelle's free-wheeling raids against North Vietnam, Knight told the Senate Armed Services Committee a tale of duplicity matched only by accounts of the administration's conspiratorial conduct in the Watergate scandals. While serving at a radar base in Vietnam in the spring of 1970, Knight disclosed, he engaged in a double-entry bookkeeping system contrived to falsify the Cambodian bombings. During the afternoon before an action, which took place at night to avoid detection by other US aircraft, a courier from the Strategic Air Command headquarters in nearby Saigon would deliver data for the operation in an unmarked envelope. Fed into computers, the data produced a precise bombing program that was radioed to B-52 crews en route to Cambodia from Guam. After each mission, Knight said, he prepared a fake report on an assault against a fictitious South Vietnamese target and burned the real plan in a barrel outside his office. Then he would telephone the SAC headquarters in Saigon and say: "The ball game is over."

The administration's initial reaction to Knight's revelations was confused. Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger acknowledged the story, but he argued that the raids were "fully authorized" and that the "special security precautions" were necessary. Air Force Chief of Staff George S. Brown, who was stationed in Saigon at the time of the unreported bombings, similarly affirmed that the actions were undertaken with the knowledge of "responsible higher authority." But former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and General Earle Wheeler, the retired chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, came up with different versions. They denied having approved of falsifying the records even though they knew of the bombings. And Henry Kissinger, calling the episode "deplorable," declared that the White House "neither ordered nor was it aware of any falsification of records."

In fact the decision to bomb Cambodia was made by the President in the middle of March 1969 at a meeting with Kissinger, Rogers, Laird, Wheeler and Richard Helms, the former Central Intelligence Agency chief. It was Mr. Nixon who demanded total security, and the chain of command was so tight that even Robert C. Seamans Jr., then air force secretary, and General John D. Ryan, then air force vice chief of staff, were kept in the dark. Inexplicably reversing his earlier statement, Wheeler basically confirmed this version in testimony last week before the Senate Armed Services Committee. Although the President did not invent the dual reporting system, Wheeler said, he was "very emphatic" about wanting the bombing kept secret and said so "at least half a dozen times."

The cover-up was maintained for two motives. On the one hand it was calculated to satisfy Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former Cambodian chief of state, who would only acquiesce to the B-52 raids so long as they remained clandestine and focused on Vietcong sanctuaries in his border regions. At the same time the secrecy was designed to fend off domestic US opposition, which was then bridling at disclosures of the covert war in Laos. But neither of these motives is defensible. To accept the proposition that Mr. Nixon was justified in bombing Cambodia because Sihanouk looked the other way means that a President alone can commit the United States to any foreign adventure if he can get away with it. To cloak a military operation abroad out of fear of hostility at home is, if not unconstitutional, certainly a display of contempt for American public opinion.

Judging from its present attitude, however, the administration seems to be less troubled by its deceit

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than by the fact that it was caught in a fabric of dissimulation. This was reflected in a remark the other day by Pentagon spokesman Jerry W. Friedheim. The Defense Department's deliberate omission of information on the Cambodia bombings in a report to the Senate had been "a blunder of some magnitude," he said, because "we weren't smart enough to foresee" that former Major Knight would spill the beans.

Looking back, it is clear that the administration's deceptive bombing campaign was as futile as its invasion of Cambodia three years ago. The North Vietnamese and Vietcong survived the secret air war before 1970, just as the Cambodian insurgents have grown stronger since then and are likely to take over Phnompenh when the present US raids stop on August 15—if not before. So the real casualty in Cambodia as in Vietnam, was the truth.

Rich and Poor

Bureaucrats are trained to translate human problems into columns of numbers and wavering lines on percentage charts. Thus we had in July a preliminary sketch by the Census Bureau of America's "low-income population," based on a survey taken in March. The full report will come later. The sketch shows that the total number of poor people in the US declined again in 1972, as it has every year since 1959.

About 1.1 million people crossed the official "poverty line" last year and began the ascent to the middle class. No one can say the government's definition of poverty in 1972 was too generous: the upper limit is $4275 for a family of four living in the city. Each year this line has been raised to correspond to price increases, and without fail each year the number of poor has declined. That's progress. This year for the first time in a decade however the number of poor blacks increased. (The number of poor whites decreased.) It was a small change, one that shouldn't be overemphasized because there are many things that can throw statistics off. Only two years ago, for example, it was the other way around: poor blacks decreased while poor whites became slightly more numerous. Nevertheless the general picture offered in this report is not rosy.

Looking at the poverty shifts recorded by the census since 1959, one sees that the relative position of blacks has worsened slightly. In 1959, 56 percent of all blacks and other nonwhites were below the poverty line; by last year that percentage had been cut to 33 percent. In 1959 only 18 percent of all whites were in the poverty category. By last year that number had been halved to nine percent. Whites are still being promoted faster, and the economic gap between whites and blacks is widening. Although the absolute number of poor people has been reduced by 15 million since 1959, the economy is still biased to favor white wage-earners. Nonwhites make up about 12 percent of the population, but last year they were 34 percent of the poor. This isn't underscored in the census report, nor is the fact that the percentage has increased since 1959, when only 28 percent of the poor were nonwhite.

A study published by the Labor Department last December tends to confirm the widening disparity between rich and poor. Peter Henle, senior labor specialist at the Library of Congress, found that between 1958 and 1970 "there has been a slow but persistent trend toward inequality in the distribution of earnings and in the distributions of wages and salaries." Henle showed that the areas with the most uneven salary distribution were farming, retail trade, business and professional services; the most even distribution was among workers for public utilities and government offices. He also found that in professions with a tradition of regular wage increases, employees with the highest salaries consistently got larger increases. "This suggests a continuing trend," Henle said, "toward inequality in earnings, perhaps almost inevitable in an advanced economy, as technological and organizational changes open the way for a higher proportion of the working population to attain earnings levels toward the top of the economic ladder." In other words the old saw was almost right: the rich get richer. Henle concludes that the best remedy for redressing the income imbalance is federal action; the "most effective programs"—other than job and education assistance—operate outside the wage system and complement income, programs such as social security, unemployment pay, welfare and certain tax programs that don't interfere with income.

Taken together, the census and Henle studies suggest a more rigid and stifling economic system than is usually described. Government analysts explain last year's increase in the number of poor blacks as partially the result of a large social security increase voted by Congress. It is pointed out that only eight percent of the black poor are entitled to these benefits, while 19 percent of the white poor are. This is the sort of "explanation" that requires explanation: why are so few blacks on the social security list? There's no conclusive answer, except that 65-year-old blacks are not as likely as whites to have had jobs with good pay (social security is geared to earnings), and blacks with domestic jobs often are not registered in the system. It's not very illuminating to say blacks are poorer today because they were poor in the past. Nor are we any the wiser by knowing that blacks are poorer because they have a higher incidence of female-headed families. (The census reports that in 1972, 64 percent of the black families below the poverty line were female-headed.)

Perhaps we would see the picture more clearly, if the government's poverty line were ignored for the moment, and instead of checking the number officially

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disqualified from the poverty count, we looked at the makeup of the poorest sector of the economy, the bottom 15 or 16 percent. Then, according to the census, we would approach the midway mark of the black population in 1972—about 42 percent. By contrast, about 13 percent of all whites were living at this level. Those facts are the ones to think about, not that "Million People in US Escaped From the Ranks of the Poor in 1972," as *The New York Times* put it.

Giving Women Credit

By refusing to recognize major improvements in the economic status of women, the insurance and credit industries are perpetuating practices which are unprofitable as well as discriminatory. Sex may be a convenient way for these industries to estimate risk, but it is neither accurate nor fair. The prevailing assumptions, that women do not really want to work and are, at best, temporary members of the labor force, may have been accurate 80 years ago when only 4.5 percent of all workers were women. But women now comprise 38 percent of the workforce, and most seek employment out of economic necessity. (Nearly two-thirds of all women jobholders are either single, widowed, divorced, separated or married to men earning less than $7000 a year).

Persisting in the view that women work solely for reasons of "personal convenience," one insurance underwriting manual characteristically asserts, "the temptation exists [for a woman] to replace her earnings with an insurance income once work loses its attractiveness." Expecting to be duped or to otherwise incur greater losses, insurance companies feel justified in charging women substantially higher premiums than men for all types of medical and disability coverage. Pennsylvania Insurance Commissioner Herbert Denenberg has testified to the Joint Economic Committee of Congress that in his state women pay nearly 50 percent more in premiums for basic health insurance and up to 100 percent more for disability insurance. (Surveys of other states, such as New York reveal even wider differentials.) For these higher prices, women often receive more limited coverage—especially if they work at home or for relatives. However, according to the Public Health Service, women do not lose significantly more time from work than men due to illness and disability—even when pregnancy-related complications are included. In 1971 women averaged 5.2 days of such absences, compared to 5.1 days for men. Furthermore these higher premiums can adversely affect women's employment opportunities. Metropolitan Life, for example, raises its group health premiums "if the benefits on females represent more than 11 percent of the total benefits"—a worrisome prospect for a cost-conscious employer.

Women pay *lower* premiums than men for life and auto insurance, but again the prices do not adequately reflect the risks. Companies normally charge women the same life insurance rates as men who are three years younger, although US mortality statistics show that women outlive men by six to nine years. With auto insurance, men pay more because the resulting claims are costlier. But the differences in losses, explains the National Safety Council, actually reflect differing amounts and circumstances of driving on the parts of members of each sex. Thus the companies could substitute these factors—which predict losses somewhat more precisely—for the biological classification.

Like insurance companies, most credit institutions do not adequately sort out the factors that determine loss probabilities, and consequently pass up good business from female customers. Lenders exhibit the same undue reservations about the stability of working women's incomes. Believing women likely to forsake the workforce for household responsibilities at the first opportunity, creditors often refuse to count a married woman's income in full when a couple applies for a loan. Mortgage lenders are exceptionally harsh in their treatment of working wives' incomes: a 1972 federal survey of savings and loan managers revealed that 25 percent of these associations counted none of a wife's income while only 22 percent included all of it. Married women face further difficulties obtaining—or continuing—credit in their own names. Finally creditors commonly reason in the cases of nonmarried women that an "imminent change in marital status" will cause such women to flee their jobs and their credit obligations as well. Securing a mortgage may be out of the question for such women: nearly one-fifth of savings and loan associations surveyed conceded that a woman's marital status could automatically disqualify her and a large majority specified marital status as an important factor in evaluating applications.

The Senate recently passed an amendment to the Truth in Lending Act prohibiting discrimination on the basis of sex or marital status in all credit transactions. The amendment covers cash loans, installment sales, mortgages and credit cards—whether for business or consumer purposes. In the House, two versions of the amendment currently await action by the Consumer Affairs subcommittee of the Banking and Currency Committee. Subcommittee Chairman Leonor Sullivan (D, Mo.) indicated last week that although she objects to such discrimination, she prefers to see it end "without a law."

Concerned legislators would like to introduce comparable bills forbidding discrimination by insurance companies, but have so far been stymied by the McCarran-Ferguson Act of 1945, which leaves the regulation of that industry up to the states. Several states prohibit racial classifications by insurance companies, but none have dealt with sex discrimination. Given

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the strength of the insurance lobby, amending the act is considered remote. But the government might effectively exert pressure on the industry by insisting that none of its contracts (for flood insurance or medicare, for example) go to companies that discriminate.

Chavez Against the Wall

After eight years of struggle against seemingly insuperable odds, the United Farm Workers Union once again has its back to the wall. Raids by the Teamsters have deprived the UFW of more than 100 contracts; it retains only 12 contracts, covering 6500 workers. Last week the 28 Delano grape growers who signed with the UFW in 1970 broke off negotiations and began to harvest without a contract. The growers haven't signed with the Teamsters yet; they're waiting to see how badly the UFW strike and boycott affects them.

The major issue between the UFW and the growers is not money but hiring practices. The growers and old-style labor contractors want to hire and fire as they please; the union wants its members protected by seniority and hiring halls. The union has come half way by agreeing to operate hiring halls jointly with the growers, but the growers want the halls abolished. They also want removal of present language protecting field workers from dangerous pesticide use.

UFW leader Cesar Chavez thinks most of the contracts lost during the past few months can be regained, though it will take several years. He may be right, but he's nothing if not an optimist. The immediate prospect is for a kind of guerrilla warfare in which the UFW tries to make it much more painful for the growers not to have a UFW contract than to have one. The growers, using injunctions, will probably blunt the impact of the strike. So the final verdict will come in the supermarkets, where consumers keeping a wary eye on price tags are being asked also to watch for the union label.

"For teamwork, hire a teamster."

Priorities

No single document better reveals the purposes of a President than the budget he submits to Congress at the first of each year. Unlike the soaring, often empty, rhetoric of a campaign speech or official statement, the one-pound budget document and its five-pound appendix provide a detailed accounting of where federal tax dollars are to be spent. Although the budget has labyrinths and concealed passages that can obscure individual projects (and scandals), the budget's larger purposes cannot be hidden. For the fourth year in a row, the Brookings Institution has examined the budget's smaller parts to discern its larger purposes. The result is *Setting National Priorities: The 1974 Budget*, itself a one and one-half pound tome analyzing the course on which the government has embarked and the alternate routes that might have been taken.

Calling the President's budget " 'radical,' " Brookings reports "the 1974 budget is quite unlike its predecessors." Faced with the prospect of a $16 billion deficit in 1974 and a $21 billion deficit in 1975, the Nixon administration had the choice of running those substantial deficits, raising taxes or cutting expenditures. Having allowed deficits totaling $67 billion in his first four years and having campaigned against any tax increases last year, the President chose to cut government spending. The ax fell most heavily on domestic social programs.

The Brookings study keeps track of governmental income and spending, but more important, it analyzes several alternatives to the President's budget. The final chapter of the book explores three possible budgets for the years 1974-78. The first is essentially an extrapolation of the President's 1974 budget into a five-year plan. By 1978, Brookings estimates, there would be a $102 billion increase in revenues and, if the administration holds to its budgetary reductions, an $81 billion increase in expenditures. Most of this spending increase would be concentrated in three areas: $24 billion in defense, $32 billion in cash income maintenance

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programs and $10 billion to programs that help people buy essential goods and services. Grants for social programs would increase $2 billion and investment in the physical environment would rise $5 billion over those four years. By 1978 there would be a $22 billion budgetary surplus that might possibly be returned to the public in property tax relief, but there would be insufficient resources to begin major new domestic programs such as comprehensive health care.

The two alternative budgets assume that tax reform and cuts in defense spending would yield additional revenues. The first of these envisions "moderate" cuts in defense expenditures that would generate $3 billion in 1974 and grow to $10 billion by 1978; tax reform would provide additional revenues of $1 billion in 1974 and $12 billion in 1978. The second envisions "large" defense cuts: $6 billion in 1974 and $25 billion in 1978; more sweeping tax reform would generate additional revenues of $2 billion in 1974 and rise to $30 billion by 1978. These additional resources could be used to reduce certain taxes, increase social security benefits and provide more public employment. Another strategy might be to help people buy the goods and services they need through national health insurance, food stamp increases and vouchers to pay for education and training.

Although the Nixon administration has attempted to create the impression that its 1974 budget is the only logical choice, the Brookings study shows that there are practical alternatives. "Looking at the federal budget year by year," the study concludes, "one is impressed with its inertia and the difficulty of changing anything important. But if one looks five years ahead, the budget is not uncontrollable. Over that period the size and scope of the budget, the objectives the federal government pursues, and the strategies it follows can be altered—and significantly."

Oil Slip-up

Watergate has increased Americans' sensitivity to scandal and has helped publicize a number of unrelated dirty tricks that might otherwise have gone unnoticed. Sen. Walter Mondale (D, Minn.) has stumbled onto what he says is another case of official deception, this one involving the State Department's reporting of Canada's position on oil pipelines.

The administration has repeatedly asked Congress to authorize immediate construction of the trans-Alaska pipeline, which has been held up for three years by environmentalist litigation. Enemies of the pipeline went to court because they feared that the trans-Alaska route would mean more ocean oil spills and possibly a line breakage in an area of Alaska where there are many earthquakes. As an alternative they proposed a trans-Canada pipeline that would avoid ocean transport and earthquake territory and would feed oil into the midwest, where it could be shipped east and west. The administration hasn't wanted to consider this option because it felt that Canada wasn't willing to offer reasonable terms for the right-of-way.

As Congress prepared to vote on the pipeline in June, the chairman of the House public land subcommittee, Rep. John Melcher (D, Mont.), wrote to the State Department to find out whether it was true that Canadian officials were resisting negotiation and discouraging any attempt to build a Canadian pipeline. The State Department in turn cabled the US embassy in Ottawa on June 8 for the latest word. Instead of asking questions directly, however, the department prefaced its cable with a political note. It said, "As the embassy is aware, the administration is seeking legislation which would permit early further progress in the construction of the proposed trans-Alaska oil pipeline. . . . It is apparent that some members of Congress remain unpersuaded by the administration's case. In this connection, the Department urgently requires your current assessment." This was a cue to produce the right kind of information.

As one of the unpersuaded members of Congress, Sen. Mondale was particularly eager to learn about the official Canadian position on pipelines. Like others in Congress, Mondale was interested in finding a way to speed delivery of Alaskan oil, and like other midwesterners, he hoped that the oil might be delivered through the midwest. Mondale offered an amendment to the Alaska pipeline bill that would have postponed a final decision until the government had made a full study of the Canadian alternative. His amendment failed (62-29), and a few days later on July 17 the Senate passed a bill authorizing construction of the trans-Alaskan pipeline (77-20). Similar amendments to modify the bill were expected to fail in the House last week, and the President should soon be able to tell the oil companies to resume work on the project. One important element in the Mondale amendment's defeat was a letter sent by the State Department on June 22 in reply to questions asked by Rep. Melcher and Sen. Henry Jackson (D, Wash.).

The letter was purportedly based on information from the US embassy in Ottawa, but as Mondale points out, the State Department was selective in which facts it passed on to Congress. We now have copies of the cables and we can read that despite the political cue offered in the original cable to Ottawa, the embassy's reply was rather optimistic. On June 14 the embassy told the State Department that Canadian officials didn't think native claims would delay acquisition of land for a pipeline, that Canada was ready to consider applications for the project immediately, that government approval would take no more than two years and that Canadian oil was not expected to compete with US oil for use of the line. The cable also described some prob-

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lems, including as yet unfocused political opposition in Canada to building a pipeline. But the general tone was favorable.

When the State Department wrote to Congress a week later it said simply that "the Departments of State and Interior are convinced that there is no Canadian alternative to the proposed Alaskan pipeline at this time." It expressed the view that "the Canadian Government has no strong current interest in the construction of a Mackenzie Valley oil pipeline." And it noted in explanation, "there appears to be increasing public concern in Canada for the environmental and native rights problems."

Later it became apparent that the State Department had neglected to tell Congress that Canada had changed its position on ownership. Canada is no longer insisting that it retain 51 percent of the pipeline stock. This important change was omitted, State said, because the embassy in Ottawa had erred, sending the information by mail rather than cabling it. This happened despite the fact that Congress had requested the information urgently for a vote that was taking place within days. It didn't arrive in time. The result was that the Senate endorsed the Alaska pipeline and rejected the Canadian alternative without knowing what the administration knew—that ownership was no longer an important issue. What Mondale calls "misrepresentation" is to the State Department "an inadvertent slip-up."

Motown's Gloomy Future

Car Trouble

Detroit

At first glance, the going is great for Motown's automakers. Sales are sky high, more than 12 million cars this year for the third annual record in a row. Profits are dandy. Dividends are likely to be raised, thanks to the new liberalized ruling of the Committee on Interest and Dividends, part of the controls mechanism in Washington. Bargaining began in mid-July on a new labor contract with Leonard Woodcock's United Auto Workers Union and the consensus is that an agreement is probable without a national strike. But underneath, the future of the auto industry, which accounts for one in six jobs in this country, is at best shaky.

To begin with there are the clean air standards Detroit must meet. The manufacturers have won a year's delay in the strict emissions standards on carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons and a year's delay on nitrogen oxide standards, but despite a continuing hard lobbying effort the Environmental Protection Agency and Congress don't seem in a mood to rescind or even relax the standards. So Detroit will install catalytic converters and whatever other gadgets are needed to yield clean emissions and their cars will get fewer miles than ever to a gallon of gasoline. In turn more and more customers will turn to smaller cars and smaller cars mean smaller profits. The trend has set in: almost one in every two cars sold today by Detroit is a "mini" or a compact. General Motors earns far less on a Vega than a Buick or Cadillac, and Ford earns less on a Pinto than an LTD. With sales booming this smaller profit-per-car return doesn't hurt much; but when sales fall off (as even the most ardent auto official foresees for 1974), the per-unit profit will mean more grief for the stockholder and the corporate brass who get half their annual income from profit sharing. "The profit curve is a great concern," sighs one auto official.

If Detroit has grudgingly come to concede the need to build cars with cleaner engines, it still hasn't tumbled to the full meaning of evolving EPA orders to states and cities that they must restrict auto use in order to meet what acting EPA Administrator Robert Fri calls the "profound implications" of the Clean Air Act. Simply put, EPA has told 43 urban areas in 23 states they must institute transportation controls that involve mandatory auto inspection, mandatory car pooling, parking bans or higher parking fees and even addition of emission controls on older cars. The end result, whenever it comes, will mean restricted use of the automobile. And with car use limited, will auto-happy Americans be willing to leave two or three cars in the garage?

There are a few persons in Detroit who already appreciate the implication of implementing the Clean Air Act. But they doubt whether EPA will ever be able to carry out fully its present programs and directives; they think motorists will rise up against any sharp curtailment of the auto and that politicians in Washington will respond with relaxed clean air standards. The lobbying by Detroit has begun toward this end, and enviromentalists had better be aware. General Motors, Chrysler and Ford have the resources to undertake any size lobbying effort they want.

But Detroit has another worry. There is growing sentiment on Capitol Hill to tax cars according to fuel consumption and to spend federal monies on researching alternative engines to replace the 50-year-old reciprocating kind. A bill by Senator Frank Moss (D, Utah) would require public disclosure of the fuel used by each car and set up a federal program to develop more efficient engines if Detroit does not. Then there is Senator Philip A. Hart's bill to break up giant companies like the auto Big Three; the Michigan Democrat knows the time for his idea is not yet, but Hart's ideas in the past have usually come to bear fruit.

America's love affair with the automobile is not over. But change is in the air. Those who think America needs less reliance on the individual auto and more reliance on mass transit, needs less use of the car to make breathing safer, needs car engines that run clean

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but still get decent gas mileage—have a good chance to see their dreams come true. But no one should think Detroit will take change happily. There remains an arrogance in this city's corporate suites; they know best and their antagonists are long haired and soft minded. A few weeks ago, for example, GM President Edward N. Cole shook a finger at EPA officials and said if Congress doesn't ease the 1976 emission standards, "you are going to have one big company out of business." The line deserves a good laugh. But nobody in the Detroit audience even smiled.

Robert W. Dietsch

MR. DIETSCH *writes for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.*

Expensive and Suicidal

F-14 Fatcat

The Grumman Corporation is the Pentagon's seventh largest contractor. Figures for fiscal year 1972 show Grumman with prime contracts worth $1.1 billion, most of which is for the F-14 fleet defense fighter. The aircraft will eventually be based on navy aircraft carriers: its principal mission will be to defend the carriers and their escort vessels against aircraft attacks. Armed with the Phoenix and other air-to-air missiles, the F-14 will be required to control the air space above the fleet and maintain what the military calls "air superiority."

Grumman has been building navy fighters for decades, and each has had a distinctive nickname, such as the Hellcat or Bearcat. The F-14, the latest offspring of the "cat" family, is called the Tomcat. Grown paunchy on a heavy diet of tax dollars, the Tomcat is turning into the Fatcat.

Grumman and McDonnell-Douglas were the final competitors for the F-14. When the latter came in with a lower price Grumman dropped its bid $474 million and won the contract. Senator William Proxmire (D, Wisc.) observed that "The contract is only a condition precedent to turning on the federal tap." Since development of the F-14 began in February 1969 the tap has opened wide. The original contract called for 313 Tomcats at $16.8 million apiece: four times as costly as the F-4 it will replace. The final price will be much greater.

In December of last year the navy ordered its fifth lot of Tomcats under the original contract, bringing the total to 134. Grumman at first refused to accept the order and took out full-page ads in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* to plead its case before the public. In April 1972 E. Clinton Towl, the chairman of the board of Grumman, claimed his firm had lost $85 million on the plane in 1971 and would lose $106 million in 1972. In March of this year Grumman president John C. Bierwith told a congressional committee the company's cumulative loss had climbed to $205 million. By the time the navy takes delivery of its 134th plane, Grumman executives said, each will have cost the company $25 million.

At first the navy got tough and threatened to take Grumman to court to get the planes it had contracted for, but in March the service and contractor reached a "compromise." Grumman would deliver the 134 airplanes at $16.8 million each, and the navy would terminate its contract for the remaining 179. Contracts for future purchases will now have to be made on a year-to-year basis. Despite the outward appearance of victory it was a defeat for the service. By freeing Grumman from its contractual obligations the navy will have to pay higher prices for each additional lot of F-14s. The maneuver was new, the result was familiar: a "bail-out."

On June 19 William P. Clements, deputy secretary of Defense, and other Pentagon witnesses appeared before the Senate Armed Services subcommittee on tactical air power. The Pentagon renewed its request for 313 F-14s but decided the marine corps should get 68 of the Tomcats instead of the 138 F-4 Phantoms it had planned to buy. General Robert E. Cushman, commandant of the marine corps, said he decided to switch to the F-14 after Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, the chief of naval operations, told him: "'I can't get you to the beach without help on the carrier deck.'" It seems, Cushman said, "I'm now being required to participate in the navy's mission, too." Senator Stuart Symington (D, Mo.) complained that the F-14 was being "shoved down the throats" of the marine corps. Symington's point is well taken since marine aviation doctrine has always stressed low-flying aircraft to give close air support to troops on the ground. The high-flying F-14 has been designed to chase Mig-25s far above the battle.

Still unresolved is what the next 179 Tomcats will cost. At the hearings it was revealed that the marine corps' 1974 request for F-4s ($131 million) had been combined with the navy's F-14 request ($572 million) and that the total ($703 million) would go for 50 F-14s, or so the Pentagon implied. But will that be enough? Grumman has yet to say it would accept $703 million for the sixth lot of F-14s; if it does, the program cost of each F-14 would rise to $19.2 million. (The program cost includes research, development and production costs averaged over 313 planes; $703 million would go for production only.) In March however Grumman indicated the first five lots (134 planes) had cost the company $25 million apiece. So even though the navy is eager to shell out an additional $2.4 million per plane, Grumman could conceivably reject the offer and ask for an additional $6 or $7 million for each F-14. Or, and this seems more likely, the company might accept $703 million for the sixth lot of F-14s but jack up the

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price for subsequent aircraft. Having euchred the navy into breaking the original contract, Grumman is now free to charge what the traffic will bear.

Congress of course can refuse to appropriate funds for future purchases of the F-14, but if Congress were to stop buying the plane, Grumman would close its production line. With Congress already committed to a new nuclear aircraft carrier, how can it deny money for the planes which will defend the fleet, the heart of which is the carrier? (You can expect to hear that argument often if the F-14 is challenged on the Senate or House floor.) Grumman thus has the service by the throat. If Congress approves Clements' plan, the contractor will get no less than $2.1 billion over the next three years for the production of 150 F-14s. The marine corps, which had wanted 138 combat-tested F-4s, will have to settle for 68 untested F-14s: enough for four squadrons with no provision for losses. In short the inefficient weapons builder will wind up getting about an $800 million bonus for having failed to live up to its contract whereas the builder of the proven plane will be penalized for its success.

On the same day the Senate Armed Services Committee was hearing testimony about the trouble-plagued F-14, the House Armed Services Committee approved the full request for $703 million. But the committee cut the air force's $802 million request for the F-15 air superiority fighter nearly in half. The committee was reportedly concerned about the recent failure of several F-15 engines and a secret air force decision to lower engine standards so they would "pass" criteria for acceptability. While the committee's action on the F-15 was justified one suspects the real motive for the cut may have been to increase the House's bargaining power when the military authorization bill goes to the conference committee which will resolve differences between the measures passed by each chamber. In the past when Senator John Stennis (D, Miss.) led the Senate's conferees, Representative F. Edward Hébert, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, would hold up funding for ships being built by Litton Industries in Pascagoula, Mississippi as a lever to pry concessions from the Senate. The project closest to Hébert's heart (and hope for posterity) is an armed forces medical college, which the House would always approve and the Senate would always kill (until last year). Hébert also used reductions in Litton's funding to water down or kill antiwar amendments attached to the military authorization bill passed by the Senate. As one of his colleagues put it: Hébert would go into conference holding Stennis by "the short hairs." With the Mississippi senator still recuperating from wounds suffered in an armed robbery earlier this year Symington, the acting committee chairman, is expected to head the Senate's conferees. If the Senate approves all or most of the committee's $505 million cut in the $703 million request, Hébert will have a perfect lever to use against Symington of Missouri because the air force's F-15 is being built in St. Louis. In such a situation the result is typically a "compromise": each committee lets the other have most or all of what it wants.

There is, however, a possibility that the Pentagon might cut the F-14 program. At his comfirmation hearing, Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger said that he supported "the general concept of not extending the F-14 buy for this very expensive aircraft for the entire carrier force, but would confine that buy only to those carriers that would be in high threat areas." The only "high threat areas" (*i.e.*, where Soviet aircraft might confront navy aircraft) are the Baltic and eastern Mediterranean. Less expensive aircraft such as the F-4 have proven their military effectiveness in combat and would be sufficient to handle fleet air defense elsewhere in the world. Thus it is conceivable the 134 F-14As already ordered would be sufficient to defend the carriers in the two areas of the world where they might encounter sophisticated Soviet aircraft.

In February the General Accounting Office released a two-page summary of a much larger classified report on the F-14. "Although the F-14 has elements of a superior weapon system," the GAO said, "a number of problems and areas of concern have been uncovered as development has proceeded." Here are three examples cited in the summary:

- "Engine stalls during flight tests."
- "Reliability problems in the central air data computer as well as maintenance problems."
- "The airborne weapon control system in certain situations not meeting specifications for detecting and tracking multiple targets."

The GAO summary also noted that the Phoenix missile has been "committed to production before its capabilities have been fully demonstrated." In addition the costs of the missile program have skyrocketed. From a planning estimate of $371 million the development estimate climbed to $537 million; the current estimate is $1.1 billion. Put another way it will cost about $2.5 million to put six Phoenix missiles on the $20-million F-14.

In addition to the Phoenix the F-14 will also be able to carry the Sidewinder and Sparrow air-to-air missiles. On June 20, the day after the hearings of the subcommittee on tactical air power, an F-14 flight test with Sparrow missiles was conducted over the Pacific off the California coast. A missile was launched but it "did not clear the aircraft sufficiently and struck the bottom of the fuselage," according to a navy spokesman. The plane caught fire and crashed into the sea, but the two crewmen ejected safely and were rescued an hour later. It was the third F-14 crash in 2½ years.

Gorged by federal tax dollars, Grumman's F-14 Tomcat is already the most expensive fighter in history, and Grumman has skillfully outmaneuvered the navy

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to raid the treasury for even more dollars. There are also substantial questions about the plane's reliability. Its principal armament for aerial combat against Soviet fighters will be the unproven Phoenix missile, and its most recent crash has raised doubts about its compatability with other air-to-air missiles. About the only thing the F-14 has proven is that it can shoot itself down.

Peter J. Ognibene

Who Gave to Nixon and Why

Super Contributors

by Tad Szulc

What motivated a score or more of corporate millionaires, ambassadors and a convicted Florida builder to make donations to Nixon's 1972 campaign running from five to seven figures? A study of contributions lists, including some entries on a still secret White House list, suggests that in many instances the gifts were actively solicited by the administration and the Committee for the Re-election of the President, while in other cases there may have been expectations of *quid pro quo* in the form of special favors from the government. Finally a number of big contributors evidently only wished to be in "good standing" with the White House or believed that Nixon was a guarantor of "good government."

All these contributions and the motivations behind them are being investigated by Archibald Cox, the special Watergate prosecutor, the Senate Watergate committee, federal grand juries in Washington, New York and Houston, the US District Court in Washington and the US attorney in the southern district of New York. The key questions are how the Nixon war chest was amassed, the *quid pro quo*, and how CRP spent the money. The investigators want to know how much was channeled into Watergate-type intelligence and sabotage and how much, if any, is left over.

The investigators are working with three basic lists. The first one covers contributions between January 1, 1971 and March 10, 1972. This list has been made public and accounts for about $5 million. The second is the so-called secret list for the period between March 10 and April 7, 1972, when the new law on reporting political gifts and disclosing expenditures went into effect. During that month, rushing to beat the April deadline, CRP collected about $15 million, some $2 million of it in currency. This is the most interesting list and is the object of a current suit by Common Cause to force public disclosure of contributions and expenditures for the short period. The third list, adding up to about $35 million, covers contributions reported by CRP after the April 7 deadline. Additionally CRP had at least $1.8 million left over from 1968.

The secret list, including some 2000 names of donors over $999, was subpoenaed from the White House by Common Cause last June 6. It has become known as "Rose Mary's Baby" because it had been in the custody of Rose Mary Woods, the President's personal secretary. It was subsequently sealed by the court in Washington. On July 24 the US District Court ordered the CRP to file by September 28 "a complete and accurate" account of all its receipts and expenditures in 1971 and 1972 before the April deadline. This means that the secret list will soon be disclosed.

The public list reveals that W. Clement Stone, the Chicago insurance millionaire (who had wanted to be ambassador to France) gave over $2 million to Republican campaigns in 1971 and 1972. Arthur K. Watson, president of International Business Machines' international division, who did serve as Nixon's ambassador to Paris, gave $300,000. His brother-in-law John N. Irwin II, now US envoy in France, contributed $50,000.

Richard M. Scaife, chairman of the board of Tribune Review Publishing Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, donated $800,000. Three groups of milk producers who sought and won a rise in the Agriculture Department's support price donated $317,500 before their representatives met with Nixon at the White House in March 1971. Earlier the Agriculture Department had turned them down.

John A. Mulcahy, president of a steel furnace subsidiary of Pfizer, Inc., gave $255,000. John M. Olin, honorary chairman of the board of the Olin Corpora-

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Tad Szulc *was a diplomatic correspondent for* The New York Times.

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tion, which has had problems with the government, contributed $100,000. So did Leonard K. Firestone, former president of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. and now head of the Nixon Foundation. Raymond Guest, former ambassador to Ireland, gave $170,000; John Humes, ambassador to Austria, $100,000; Joan Payson, the owner of the New York Mets, $80,000. Thomas Pappas of Boston, a builder of oil refineries and a major investor in Greece, donated $70,000. E. Howard Hunt, Jr. contributed $1000 before he became embroiled in the Watergate affair for which he was subsequently sentenced to 45 years in prison.

The point about the secret list is that some of the donors recorded publicly also contributed during the "secret" period. This is true of at least two big contributors: Elmer H. Bobst, the 86-year-old honorary chairman of the board of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, and Howard Hughes. Others known to be on the secret list are Edgar Allen Brown, executive vice president of the Lone Star Gas Company of Dallas, with $150,000; Nathan I. Lipson, a Georgia carpet manufacturer and importer with $100,000; Dr. Armand Hammer, chairman of the board of the Occidental Petroleum Corporation with $50,000; and Calvin Kovens, a Florida builder who was convicted with James Hoffa, the former head of the Teamsters Union and later pardoned with $25,000.

In the current investigations the *quid pro quo* question has become particularly crucial in the light of the recent indictment in New York of John Mitchell and Maurice Stans on charges of fraud, conspiracy and conspiracy to obstruct justice in connection with the affairs of financier Robert L. Vesco, who donated $200,000 (later refunded) to the Nixon campaign. How much truth is there in the statement of George A. Spater, chairman of the board of American Airlines, that "under the existing laws, a large part of the money raised from the business community for political purposes is given in fear of what would happen if it were not given." Spater made this comment when he voluntarily informed Special Prosecutor Cox that the airline had secretly contributed $55,000 from corporate funds to the Nixon campaign and $20,000 more from its officials. Direct contributions by corporations are barred by law. On July 21 Ashland Oil, Inc. also volunteered that it illegally contributed $100,000 in cash.

Mr. Bobst, sometimes called Nixon's "honorary father," gave the campaign $25,000 before March 10, 1972 and $34,500 after the April 7 deadline. But he is also known to have contributed $100,000 between March 10 and April 7 for an overall total of almost $160,000. He is no longer active in the affairs of his company, but Warner Lambert is still awaiting an FTC ruling on its 1970 merger with Parke, Davis & Co. If the merger is approved Warner-Lambert will be the nation's third largest drug company. The Justice Department refused to enter the case at the time despite recommendations from its antitrust division.

Howard Hughes, who has complex business problems in the United States, donated about $50,000 during the "secret" period and $150,000 after the April deadline in the form of 50 separate checks for $3000 each. (Donations over that amount make the contributor subject to a gift tax.)

In a great many instances corporations are known to have used "dummies" for their contributions. In some instances executives were asked to donate in their own names and were later refunded the money directly or through fictional salary raises. In other cases corporations asked friendly firms abroad to submit phony invoices so that expenditures for campaign gifts could be buried in their books. The foreign companies either returned the money or never received it. American Airlines, for example, channeled its $55,000 gift through a Beirut broker.

Then there were gifts from "employees" of corporations. Thus "Employees of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company" of St. Paul, Minnesota gave $150,000. "Employees of Texas Instruments" in Dallas donated $100,000.

Quid pro quo situations are of course difficult to establish. But the solicitation pattern shows that pressure was applied to primary defense contractors and oil and construction firms, especially those who subsequently entered into major natural gas agreements with the Soviet Union as a result of the Nixon-Brezhnev summits. The Houston grand jury is investigating $600,000 in cash donations from officials of the Texas Eastern Transmission Company, Tenneco, Inc. and Brown & Root, Inc., all of whom are involved in the Soviet deals. This money was delivered just before the deadline.

The case of Nathan Lipson, a frequent White House dinner guest, a big Republican contributor and a leading fund-raiser for the United Jewish Appeal, is hard to analyze. Lipson, a multimillionaire in his early 40s, gave the campaign $100,000. His companies manufacture carpets in Georgia and have operations in Britain, Canada and Australia. They also import carpets from Israel and Greece. As a domestic producer Lipson has an interest in import tariffs on carpets from abroad which may compete with his product. His own imports are wilton wool and velvet carpets from Israel. Last January the US Tariff Commission lowered the tariff on this type of carpet from 41 to 28 percent. Commission officials disclaimed any influence from the White House or elsewhere.

Calvin Kovens, the Miami builder who donated the $25,000 to the campaign is another interesting case. According to White House documents in possession of the Senate Watergate committee, a pardon for Kovens was urged by former Senator George Smathers of Florida, former White House Special Counsel Charles W. Colson and C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo, a Florida friend of the President, on the grounds that he was

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"the most popular Jew in . . . south Florida." Kovens, who was convicted with Hoffa in a Teamsters pension fund case, was released in January 1972, eight days after Smathers and Colson discussed the matter on the telephone. Smathers reportedly told Colson that he had urged Rebozo to take up the case with Nixon. The parole board however said Kovens was released for valid medical reasons.

Watergate and the Future of American Politics

The Aborted Nixon Revolution

by Hans J. Morgenthau

Watergate will make and destroy political fortunes. It will send some men to jail and keep others out of it. It will add disturbing and spicy details to those already revealed. It may even tell us in the end who knew what when. All this is important in the short run. But much more important is the future of the American political system, put into question by Watergate as it has not been since the Civil War.

Watergate has violated the principles upon which our system of government rests in four different respects. It has attacked American democracy directly by depriving the minority of a chance to compete on approximately equal terms with the majority. It has undermined American democracy indirectly by the use of two devices familiar from totalitarian systems of government. It has duplicated certain official, statutory investigative and law enforcement agencies with secret, unofficial ones, exempt from normal legal restraints; it has justified the disregard of constitutional and statutory restraints with concern for "national security," which in this context is a synonym for the "national emergency" by which fascism justified the destruction of the democratic order. Finally its conservative pretenses have masked nihilistic destruction.

It is of the essence of democracy that the minority of today has a fair chance to become the majority of tomorrow and that the minority of tomorrow has a similar chance to become the majority the day after, by competing on approximately equal terms with the majority in free elections. In this competition the government, representing the majority of the last elections, has a built-in advantage; for it monopolistically controls the instruments of organized violence, it occupies a privileged position vis-à-vis the media, and the concentration of varied and potent instruments of power and influence in the hands of modern government gives it a leverage which the minority party cannot match. In order to compensate for this built-in advantage the government's use of it is hemmed in by constitutional and statutory restraints. The effectiveness of these restraints is predicated upon a moral restraint defined by the Founding Fathers as "republican virtue," which is as essential to the democratic order as it is rare in the perspective of all of recorded history. The democratic order requires that those who hold power are willing to give it up, and that those who aspire to power will accept defeat under the rules of the Democratic game. That act of renunciation presupposes an ethos that puts respect for the democratic order above the desire to hold on to or acquire power.

That ethos has been absent from most political regimes during most of their history. It has been the exception to the rule of fraud and force. That is to say, in most states during most of history, men have tried to gain power and hold on to it by hook or crook, and more often than not the struggle for power was decided by who could kill whom. If one beholds the contrast between the bloody and rotten canvas of history and the spectacle—rare, delicate and noble—of a defeated incumbent surrendering the keys to the White House to his successor or of a defeated candidate going back to where he came from, nursing his wounds in silence, one becomes slowly and painfully aware of what Watergate has done to American democracy.

Devoid of that ethos the perpetrators of Watergate have put their desire to hold on to power above observance of constitutional and statutory restraints. They have taken the first steps toward the transformation of American democracy in the image of authoritarian and totalitarian regimes where the struggle for

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power is carried on through the fraudulent use of democratic procedures, culminating in the suppression of dissent and the physical elimination of the dissenters. In order to put the temporary minority at a permanent disadvantage and thereby transform the majority's temporary hold on power into a permanent one, the powers-that-be have at their disposal two types of instruments: legal ones, used for purposes at variance with the purpose of the law; and illegal ones claimed to serve, and to be justified by, a higher national purpose.

It is not a violation of the law for the White House to suggest to the Internal Revenue Service to audit the income tax returns of certain individuals or to request the Federal Bureau of Investigation to report on certain individuals or to "screw" its "enemies" in general through the discretionary use of executive and regulatory agencies. Nor is it illegal for the administration in power to use these instrumentalities in order to favor its "friends." These practices, antedating the present administration, do not violate the letter of the law; they abuse the law by employing the enormous powers which the law gives to the government for partisan purposes alien to the law. For the government uses the law not for the purpose of at least approximating justice as defined by the law, but for the purpose of perpetuating its own power as well as the minority status of the opposition. The fault of the government is moral rather than legal.

The present administration shares those sins with its predecessors although there can have been few, if any, who abused the laws for political rather than personal purposes so flagrantly and systematically and on so extensive a scale as this one. The identification of the minority with the "enemy," a concept belonging to the world of warfare rather than legitimate competition, and the compilation of lists of "enemies," reminiscent of the Roman proscription lists, gives one an inkling of the extent to which the democratic ethos has been ignored by the present administration. Yet that administration has added to the traditional sins of partisanship novel transgressions for which there is no precedent in American history. In order to understand the nature of these transgressions it is necessary to make two observations, one concerning the ultimate purposes of the present White House, the other pointing to the limitations of the abuse of the law as a partisan instrument.

It is crucial to the understanding of the unique character of Watergate that predominately the transgressions were not committed for private gain but for political advantage. In other words we are not dealing here with manifestations of the private profit motive overwhelming the public sphere. We are dealing with a political organization which has one aim: to keep itself in power by means fair or foul. Yet it is the very logic of this aim that has compelled the organization to supplement means fair or foul with means constitutional or unconstitutional, legal or illegal.

It is in the very nature of the abuse of the law as an instrument of political competition that it is limited by the restraints of the law. If the IRS or FBI refuses to do your bidding, being loyal to both the spirit and letter of the law rather than to your personal and political fortunes, you have three choices: you can reconcile yourself to having been stymied by the ethos of the bureaucracy; you can change the personnel of the bureaucracy, which is a slow and hazardous process; or you can create your own bureaucracy, unencumbered by legal restraints and subject only to your will. If the stake is not personal enrichment or even personal power but rather the perpetuation in power of the organization to which you belong and to which you have given your ultimate allegiance, the compulsion toward the third alternative is well-nigh irresistible. Thus fascism and Nazism, putting the triumph of the "movement" and the perpetuation in power of the leader above all other considerations, created a peculiar system of government, called suggestively by Professor Ernst Fraenkel of the Free University of Berlin "the dual state," in which the official statutory agencies of the government, subject to legal restraints, are duplicated by agencies performing parallel functions, which are organized by the ruling party and responsive only to the will of the leader.

That duplication is particularly pronounced in the field of law enforcement. The official police may arrest a man and release him for lack of evidence, or he may be convicted by an ordinary court to a term in prison; upon release by the police or the prison authorities he is rearrested by the secret police, tried by a special court and sent to a special prison or camp. While the ordinary police seek to apprehend persons suspected of a crime and while the proceedings of ordinary courts seek to establish the guilt or innocence of the accused and mete out punishment to fit the crime, the totalitarian bureaucracy has only one aim, to "screw the enemies," real or imaginary, of the regime and of the leader by harassing, confining or killing them.

The squads which the Nixon administration envisaged and in part organized for the purposes of eavesdropping, burglary, firebombing, forgery, opening of mail and other criminal acts were called upon to perform in a haphazard way the same functions which the highly organized and disciplined secret police have traditionally performed in authoritarian and totalitarian societies. That the organization of these squads was embryonic, their loyalty questionable, their performance sloppy, their overall scheme stillborn is a result not so much of personal deficiencies as of a peculiarity of the American political system that has saved American democracy before. The totalitarian organizations of Italy, Germany and the Soviet Union were imbued with a missionary zeal nourished by a charismatic leader or doctrine that carried a message

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of salvation for the nation and the world. The message of salvation which America offers to itself and to the world is preempted by the promise of the Declaration of Independence of equality in freedom for all. Without it, as Lincoln clearly saw, there is no America. A man and a movement that would want to make itself the master of America by totalitarian means has a chance of doing so only in the name of democracy.

The totalitarians of the Nixon administration suffer from other disabilities equally fatal to their cause. They have no doctrine whatsoever in whose service they could have acted and which could have justified their actions in the eyes of the public. The *ex post facto* invocation of "national security" has failed to cover the misdeeds of the White House with a blanket of overriding necessity. Rather it has served the function of a transparent veil emphasizing what it sought to conceal. Again the difference between this abortive adventure in totalitarianism and the successful totalitarians of Europe is striking. For the latter were faced with genuine national emergencies to be dealt with in novel and perhaps unprecedented ways. Thus their destruction of democracy had a surface plausibility which is completely lacking in the Nixon enterprise.

One purpose alone united the totalitarians of the Nixon administration and moved them to action: the perpetuation in power of the President and derivatively of themselves. So narrow a foundation can support a gang of lawless politicians temporarily united by a common interest but it cannot support a popular totalitarian movement. Devoid of a transcendent goal to which the people at large could have rallied, these politicians failed by dint of their very selfishness and smallness of vision. If the Nixon administration had been successful, it would have impaired American democracy and might even have destroyed it. But it would have been unable to put anything in the place of what it had impaired or destroyed. The Nixon revolution, if it had been successful, would have been a revolution of nihilism, not of conservatism, in whose name it pretended to govern and as which it has been supported by conservatives.

This contrast between pretense and reality is not accidental but evolves from the very nature of the American political system. Conservatism concerns either the philosophy and method of politics or its purpose. These two applications of the conservative approach to politics have been confused in contemporary American thought, yet they were sharply separated in the American political tradition. Conservatism of philosophy and method is part and parcel of that tradition. That conservatism holds that the world, imperfect as it is from the rational point of view, is the result of forces inherent in human nature. This being a world of opposing interests and of conflict among them, abstract principles can never be fully realized, but must be at best approximated through the ever temporary balancing of interests and the ever precarious settlement of conflicts. Conservatism then sees in a system of checks and balances a universal principle for all pluralist societies. It appeals to historic precedent rather than abstract principles and aims at realizing the lesser evil rather than the absolute good.

On the other hand the conservative view of the purposes of politics endows the status quo with a special dignity and seeks to maintain and improve it. This conservatism has its natural political environment in Europe which, in contrast to America, has known classes determined by heredity or otherwise sharply and permanently defined in composition and social status, that have had a legitimate stake in defending the status quo or restoring an actual or fictitious status quo of the past. But for the defense or restoration of what status quo could the American conservative fight? The great majority of Americans, in contrast to the states of the Confederacy and other special interests such as the contemporary concentrations of private power, have never known a status quo to whose preservation they could have been committed. For America has been committed to a purpose in the eyes of which each status quo has been but a stepping-stone to a new achievement, a new status quo to be left behind by another new achievement.

American politics does not defend the past and present against the future; rather it defends one kind of future against another kind of future. While in philosophy and method conservatism is the most potent single influence in American politics, the purposes of our politics from the very beginning were unique and revolutionary, not only in the narrow political sense, but also in the more general terms of being oblivious to tradition. They have so remained, only temporarily disfigured by periods that were dominated by a conservatism of purpose and hence in the context of American politics spelled stagnation. Thus we have no conservative political party on the national scale because the number of conservative voters is not sufficient to support one. The best American politics can do from the conservative point of view is to mark time between the last and the next advance. To go back is to destroy the ethos of America, the *raison d'être* of the American polity, and the vacuum is filled by the amoral and lawless politicians of Watergate. Thus in a profoundly revealing paradox conservatism of purpose issues in a nihilism destructive not only of America's political life but of the decencies of political civilization itself. There is tragic irony in the spectacle of men bent upon a conservatism of purpose—which in the American context means no transcendent purpose at all—to be compelled by the very nature of the American polity to lay hands on those delicate constitutional, legal and political checks and balances which have given life to the American system of government and whose preservation all true conservatives ought to have at heart.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

The Faggot

(Truck and Warehouse)

Contradictory Characters

by Albert Bermel

(Dutton Paperback Original; $4.95)

Al Carmines is a minister of the Judson Church on Washington Square in New York and is now well known for his theatrical productions there, most of them with music by himself and often with himself in the cast. Some of the shows have subsequently moved to Off-Off-Broadway houses; some of them have toured to other cities. Through the last seven or eight years his productions have become less and less covertly homosexual; his latest, *The Faggot*, which was moved from the church to an OOB theater, is a declaration.

When Carmines began, particularly with his adaptations of Gertrude Stein material like *What Happened* and *In Circles*, he struck a fresh and old-fashioned note. His stagings and adaptations charmingly disregarded conventions; his music—with himself at the piano—had an old vaudeville beat and his melodic invention bubbled. He has poured out musicals and adaptations during the years, and I'm sorry to report that, as he became better known, he became somewhat stale and certainly less taking. The musical patterns have become repetitious, the melodies undistinguished and sometimes undistinguishable. Worse, as he has become more sexually frank, he has sometimes crossed over into the exhibitionistic and tasteless. I haven't seen all Carmines' productions because there are only seven days in the week, but the last I saw before this—*Joan*, about a modern Joan of Arc in the Village—was a rotten show and sometimes an offensive one.

The Faggot is a revue—songs and sketches about homosexuality, male and female. The general thesis is one that—*pace* the Supreme Court—is trite even by community standards: homosexuals are entitled to the same comforts and discomforts as any other sexual being. The one partly fresh statement in the show is that some homosexuals will miss oppression if ever they become fully accepted, just as some heterosexuals want sex to be a sin because it's the only way they can enjoy it.

But even the triteness of the ideas wouldn't matter—who goes to revues for intellectual enlightenment?—if the songs were good and the sketches pointed. Musically Carmines is scraping the bottom of the barrel-organ. The sketches are even worse. Sometimes he steps away from the piano (the only instrument) to go into a sketch as Oscar Wilde (with Bosie) or Gertrude Stein (with Alice B. Toklas). Anticipation rises; but these sketches, like almost all the others, simply trade ungiftedly on their choice of subjects, with no wit, poignance or purpose. And there's one song about Catherine the Great and a stallion (literally) that seemed to me a hernia of sexual liberty, a failed attempt to show that all sex, if one wants it, is equally good. (What's the ASPCA position on this?)

Aside from the increasing sterilities in Carmines' material, his new production exemplifies an aspect of Off Off Broadway that is now solidifying into a rationale: amateurism as an esthetic. When OOB began to grow, in the late 1950s, it was welcome for many reasons. It offered freedom and flexibility as the original Off Broadway began to get expensive and careful. OOB, which performed in lofts and churches and cafés and converted stores, was free of union rules and obligations, operated on half a shoestring, could do what it liked and do it quickly. No long, stomach-rending waits for production. European plays, previously unseen, were seen; US playwrights, very many of them, began to be produced, and were induced to write more and more because they had a ready stage. Spontaneity had returned to the theater, from which it had been absent almost since the 19th century. Polish, in acting as well as in scenery, became suspect by negative logic. Since money couldn't be spent on competent actors and good scenery, the *absence* of good acting and of good decor became a talisman of authenticity, of noncorruption.

All this was happy because it was a free-spirited beginning. Now, from the production view, it looks like the end. Inadequate acting and direction and setting now seem the level where Off Off Broadway is going to stay. Improvement, either by training its people or by getting trained people, seems to be the last thing in anyone's mind, particularly Carmines'. Inadequacy has now become the *standard*.

I went to his church often, and often saw bad amateur acting and heard hooty singing and didn't mind, if the work were interesting, because I couldn't possibly have seen the show otherwise. Besides there was something touching in the devotion of these men

(continued on page 32)

Films Worth Seeing

The Friends of Eddie Coyle. The looks of this crime film are syrupy and wrong, but Robert Mitchum's performance as a gangland Willy Loman and the gravelly dialogue make it good underworld sociology.

The Hireling. Sarah Miles and Robert Shaw as titled lady and chauffeur give beautiful performances *within* which this nicely modeled little tragedy exists.

Last Tango in Paris. Burdened with silly overpraise, adolescently profound, it nevertheless has the genuine musk of sex in the early Brando-Schneider scenes.

Memories of Underdevelopment. The first Castro-Cuba film in the US and a fine one: about a bourgeois intellectual hopelessly-hopefully watching the revolution happen.

State of Siege. The Tupamaro abduction and murder of a US official in Uruguay, 1970, re-created without the objectivity it claims but with excitement and point.

A Touch of Class. If you saw Glenda Jackson here for the first time, you'd think she was a fine comedienne, period. (She can do *anything*.) Mostly fast and frivolous old-style comedy-romance.

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Kenneth Evett on art

1963-1973

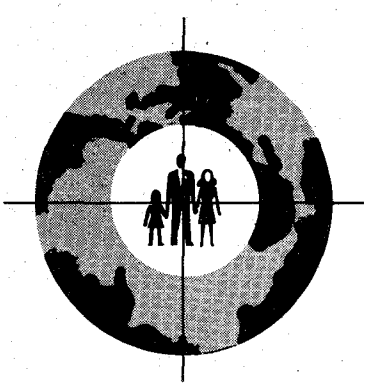
The recent exhibition at the Whitney Museum in New York City "American Drawing 1963-1973" was apparently designed to further arouse our current penitential spirit by exposing a creative wasteland. The collection, largely a harvest from the Johnson-Nixon period, seemed strangely remote from the painful events of that time, but whatever its social implications it unfolded as a bleak display of trite imagery and limited invention. Most of the artists represented have accepted the demand for novelty as the one imperative esthetic requirement; their straining for individuality finally yielded up a collection of predictable monotony. Conforming to a familiar Whitney pattern, the lines of three major categories emerged: cute drawings (second-hand neo-dada tricks, clever juxtapositions of images and media, parodies of other art and ironic glorification of banality, as exemplified in works by Rauschenburg, Snyder, Oppenheim, and Dine); mechanical drawing (serial rhythms, graph-paper certainties, relentless symmetry or portentous asymmetry, all the cool comforts of safe and undemanding geometry, with Martin, Tworkov, Flavin and many others participating in this mode); and nondrawing (minimal art at the nadir, uniform, undifferentiated surfaces, a few tickles along the outermost boundary of the rectangle, a dot or two in the center, a couple of sparse lines or rectangles carrying a pretentious metaphysical import—the leaders here being Mangold, Motherwell, Olitski and Tuttle).

Among these sterile exercises any evidence of direct physical action, feeling, risk-taking, responsibility or humor loomed up as a surprise. Drawings by De Kooning, Mitchell and Saret, among others, did so. Though they may have little else in common, these three artists make marks that reflect their personal tempo and bodily energy, and they care enough about the weight, direction and position of their marks to commit them to intended proportional relationships. Such old-fashioned actions are the authentic and basic gestures of drawing and seemed, by contrast with the rest, most dramatic.

For variety the Whitney's token realists, Pearlstein and Leslie, were of course represented, and in these surroundings even their commercial-art vision of the human body—all cast shadows, reflections and electrified pubic hair—looked alive. There were also two mysterious and seductive drawings by Lee Bontecou, advertising-style pornography by John Altoon and the repulsive but powerful images of Jim Nutt. This artist's comic strip freaks look like the offspring of a depraved multimedia copulation between Dick Tracy cartoon characters B. O. and Sparkle Plenty, and a pinball machine. Wrinkled, sprouting lewd lumps and anatomical dislocations, the creatures seem bent on some violent, unheard of pornographic act, thus demanding concentrated if uneasy attention. Beyond that, Nutt has a perverse sense of humor, he takes an unblinking satiric view of our culture, and his work has a funky decorative appeal that seems somehow innocent and likable.

Whereas the Whitney exhibit took the permissive line that any kind of mark-making on any kind of surface, including bas relief on stone, could be called "drawing," a concurrent show at the Museum of Modern Art, "Drawings from the Kroller-Miller National Museum," employed more precise and traditional criteria, consisting largely of works on paper in pencil, chalk, quill and ink, wash or charcoal. The exhibition was focussed on drawings of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and although artists such as Gris, Redon and Picasso were included, it was primarily a Dutch show with Van Gogh as the sun-star, his teacher and contemporaries as satellites. The juxtaposition made clear the force of Van Gogh's genius. Though he was well trained in the traditional disciplines of drawing, he had little conventional talent. His colleague, Jan Toorop, was far more facile than he but drifted off into art nouveau sentimentality, whereas Van Gogh pursued his search for the truth of forms with such passionate honesty that eventually he achieved that blessed state where vision and technique are harmoniously joined. In that organic development his entire being was engaged, and drawing became for him the path to a transcendent realization of the visual world. Through it he discovered the mysterious identities of things, their life rhythms, the intricate abstract connections between them and their empathetic link to the vital energies of his own body. In such a process the drawing that comes into being is merely a by-product of the action, not an end in itself. It is our good luck that these residual gestures have been preserved. However they are significant not just as museum artifacts but as potent evocations of the artist's visual experience and as models for a full and vital drawing procedure. Compared with Van Gogh's ample method, the constricted, egocentric, product-oriented systems used by most of the artists at the Whitney seemed meager indeed.

In the years 1963-1973 American art was dominated by critical speculation about style and status, together with dogmatic advocacy of constant vanguard change. Such self-conscious concerns are, however, an impediment to immanence and creative freedom, and many artists are accordingly breaking away from all that, returning to the process of drawing as a way to bring life back into art. You would never have guessed it from the Whitney selection. If that museum aspires to present a full range of contemporary expression it will have to change its ways. Simple-minded adherence to the parochial doctrines of New York coterie judgment will not suffice for the next 10 years.



FOCUS ON THE FAMILY

THE SALVATION ARMY

The Salvation Army
operates community centers
for family worship, recreation,
and social activities.

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The Shotgun Behind the Lens

The New Journalism

by Tom Wolfe
with an anthology edited by
Tom Wolfe and E. W. Johnson

(Harper & Row; $10.95)

In a three-part essay designed as an introduction to an anthology of examples of the New Journalism, Tom Wolfe attempts to define that major figment of the imagination of the '60s. He ranges from a discussion of historical precedents (Balzac, Gogol, Dickens, etc.) to an impressionistic and personal accounting of its more immediate genesis, stressing the contributions of Tom Wolfe, Pete Hamill, Tom Wolfe, Gay Talese, Tom Wolfe, Jimmy Breslin and Tom Wolfe. As Wolfe sees it the New Journalism was an act of *vatermord*, the creation of writers who wanted to be novelists but who were in reaction against the novel of the late 50s, which was drifting into irrelevant fantasy, thus abandoning the Great Tradition (see part three), which was realism-by-way-of-social-criticism-and-record. The novelists of the day (not listed) having abandoned this "nice little body of material: the whole of American society, in effect," a host of young journalists moved in on that "nice little body," and newspapers, magazines and the novel haven't been the same since. Wolfe cherishes the notion that the advent of New Journalism put the fear of Godot into the craven, escapist "fabulists," who responded by burying themselves even deeper in dreams. Well what's the harm? Even if Wolfe's thesis has got more holes in it than a player-piano roll —several of the New Journalists, like Terry Southern, Brock Brower and Gore Vidal being prime New Fabulists—if it makes him feel good to think he put the novel out of joint, why argue?

Rather than diminish Wolfe's sense of his own accomplishment I'd like to put the New Journalism in a somewhat different perspective, ignoring the ongoing battle as to whether Dickens was an ur-New Journalist or the first Neo Fabulist, whether *In Cold Blood* was a nonfiction novel or a piece of sensationalist crap. Because it seems to me that the New Journalism is a very complex enjambment of a number of things that were happening in the early '60s, and that it is not so far from Fabulism as Wolfe imagines. I was present at the First (and Last) *Esquire* Symposium, held at Berkeley at the turn of the decade, where Philip Roth complained that the incredible events recorded by the daily newspapers outdid anything a novelist could conceive as palpable (or damnable) fiction of a realistic sort, which was pretty darn discouraging, etc., etc. Roth, then a hyperrealistic novelist in the tradition of the thriving Jewish Renaissance, after a painful transition, has certainly entered a plane unreachable by the *Daily News*, if pioneered by *Screw*.

Roth could presumably have gone in the other direction, joining Norman Mailer (another Renaissance man) in surrendering to the splendor of the Great American Event (*i.e.*, a Happening not funded by the Ford Foundation), which Mailer did (along with many other writers) with the encouragement of the sponsors of the *Esquire* Symposium. When Wolfe mentions *Esquire* it is a heading for a list of New Journalists, as if they more or less were sort of all there when it was suddenly splendor in the grass around them, and they with sparkles in their tangled hair, all very flattering to the *auteur* principle, but otherwise, shall we say, *naif?* *Esquire* was the prime mover of the New Journalism, as a great fat damn fine book put together a few years ago by Harold Hayes called *Smiling Through the Apocalypse: Esquire's History of the Sixties*, proves conclusively. If there was indeed a New Journalism it was the brain child of editors like Harold Hayes and Rust Hills, who encouraged whatever it was into becoming whatever it became. Clay Felker, an *Esquire* alumnus, shortly after graduating founded *New York*, at whose offices the flame was encouraged to burn brighter and purer.

Esquire switched to its new role, if you will recall, because it was in the shadow cast by Hefner's rising profile in Chicago. Just as *The New York Review of Books* was a revolt against the stodgy, apolitical *New York Times Book Review*, so the new *Esquire* was an attempt to get out of the sex-sandwich business (*i.e.*, a slice of meat between two pieces of puffy white prose) and into something else. What it got into was the inside dopester business, a sort of cosmopolitan *Confidential*, granting credit ratings to ins, outs, ups, downs, the status trip in general. It also invaded middle America by sending smart-ass young writers out there with pen, pencil and gun-shy cameramen, a print-out version of Edward R. Murrow crossed by Alan Funt. The whole thing was New York oriented and very damned successful, and still is.

Now it should at this point be said (and Wolfe acknowledges it briefly) that *The New Yorker*, in its quietly arrogant way, had been in this line of business for years. Where *Esquire* was trying to reach a noisy gamey crew of '50s graduates rocking and rolling into the '60s with their monster middle-class insecurity complex, *The New Yorker* had all along been whispering assurances to a more stable group, its tone self-effacingly superior (no table of contentz, pliz), so as to reinforce the egos of Westport east, who arrivisted sometime during the '30s and '40s. There were those stories in which nothing very important happened, assuring readers that their dull lives were fit subjects for fiction, but more important was the Talk of the Town, in which the invisible, faceless reporter presumably allowed his subject to manufacture the rope whereby he eventually hangs himself, said reporter (masking behind the editorial "we") merely serving as impartial witness to the suicide. Then there was the Profiles department, which should have been called Caricatures and which anticipated both David Levine and Rex Reed in quietly eviscerating their subjects by allowing their salient characteristics (so we were led to believe) full play, a sort of public flaying with the help of the victim. It was out of the mating of the feline, feminine *New Yorker* and rampant Mr. Esky that the New Journalism was born, an androgyne who was given a social conscience a few years later by *The Village Voice*, that heartbeat of urban-pastoral nostalgia located in the heart of the heart of the city.

In sum the New Journalism was and is a New York born, bred and nourished

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phenomenon, and its virtues are Manhattan virtues, its vices ditto. On the plus side, the New Journalism is tough, witty, unmerciful to all manner of pretense, immediate, jazzy, alive and terribly readable. On the negative side it is cold, hard, often piously smug, blind to any but urban values (including pastoral sentimentality), phonily "honest" and willing to sacrifice a fact for the Larger Truth.

In sum the New Journalism news is not Agnew's.

What it is, basically, is satire, its subject generally being what is left over after *The New York Times* has been put to bed. Wolfe speaks in his introduction about the importance to the New Journalism of "status-life" symbols, meaning the furniture by which we are surrounded and how it reveals what we are. The satirist's art is concerned with just such exterior trappings, and since it is generally an elitist, aristocratic art, the trappings often reveal the tasteless pretensions of the middle-crass victim. Satire traditionally operates from the standpoint of a norm, a moral center, and in reading these pieces assembled by Wolfe and his helper, I did detect a certain uniformity of attitude, one which prizes the down-and-outer, the outsider, the loser—whether an alienated hippie in the heartland, a band of bikers in the Sierra or disgruntled grunts in Vietnam, and which detests 1) conventional rural values, 2) bureaucrats, 3) snobs & arrivistes, 4) cops and authority figures in general who don't have style, including 5) army officers.

This list suggests that for the most part the New Journalism is a bundle of antagonisms, and where positive values are presented they are generally some version or other of Noble Savagery. Satire traditionally enforces the norms of a society, but the New Journalism for the most part has attacked the norms of our present society, holding out as an alternative the paranoid angst of your average New York writer. Let me enlarge on that a bit. Your "typical" professional New Yorker, one with access to or command over the media, including many of the New Journalists, is from out of the provinces to the South and West. This is a great tradition that began with Harold Ross (and Thurber, who was one of the presiding geniuses of the Talk of the Town), and as Ross himself demonstrated, the professional New Yorker, like a converted Catholic, is *more so* than a native of the Bronx. Having repudiated his provincial background he turns on it, while at the same time maintaining a number of his old heartland values, inspiring in him a deep and abiding hatred of New York "phoniness." Virginia-born Tom Wolfe is a case in point, whose ascorbic attack on Leonard Bernstein's reception for the Panthers turns on an encyclopedic knowledge of the very minutiae which he turns against Bernstein, rolling broken glass into the nut-covered cheese balls.

Making It in New York has always (ever since the English displaced the Dutch) been a matter of putting down the people who arrived just ahead of you, so as to facilitate your climb upward. What is the New Journalism in this regard but *Journalisme des Nouveaux?* Wolfe's vulpine glee at the fears of the threatened older generation of novelists is just one case in point. The cruelty of the New Journalism begins here, and it is at this point the mixing of fiction and fact begins to take on a very equivocal charm. The New Journalist, pleading honesty, frankness or god-knows-what excuse, treats real people as if they were Balzac characters, pointing out with sharpened pen all manner of imperfections, physical and psychological. Novelists have been using real people for models for years, but they have always had the good grace to switch things around a bit so as to save the feelings of the people involved. Not so the New Journalist, who socks it to you with slapstick and pie, thus amusing and reinforcing the ego of his reader.

You know, it *hurts?*

In one of these pieces collected by Wolfe, John Gregory Dunne follows producer Arthur Jacobs through the horrible agonies of the Minnesota preview of *Dr. Doolittle*, sparing no detail of Jacobs' plight, and at the end of the piece he announces that "Arthur Jacobs was not present" at the inquest held afterward by Richard Zanuck. Translated: Arthur Jacobs is all washed up, finished, out, done with. A New Journalism version of the old "You're Fired, Bumstead!" joke, making us feel so good because Jacobs feels so bad. Well Jacobs recovered from that one, and went on to make the *Planet of the Apes* series, (and more recently the musical *Tom Sawyer*) not exactly artwork up to Michelangelo, but very successful at the box office. Then the other day he dropped dead from a heart attack at age 51. Hollywood killed him, yes, but John Gregory Dunne helped toll the bell. I say if putting people down is your line of

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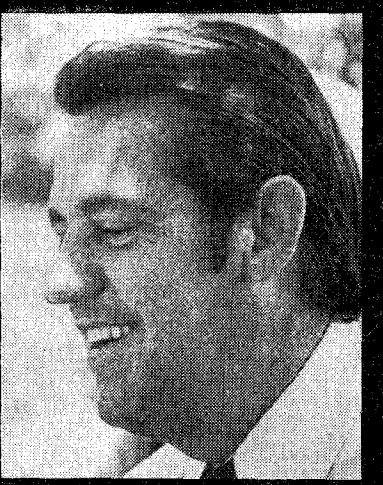

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business then you are a killer, whether you call yourself a New Journalist or whatever. And putting people down is a legitimate line of work in New York, where Grant's Tomb celebrates the long American death, that wasting cancer of Making It.

"Dead," after all, is a favorite New York expression, as in "Oh . . . him! He's dead." It doesn't mean (except in the case of Arthur Jacobs) dead and buried, merely disconnected, outside, not to be considered worthy of attention. Augustan satire took its laws from the lapidary, gravestone art of a previous period, and satire is often called "killing," a vestigial reminder of the ancient art of rhyming rats to death. As the ancients knew, ridicule is a powerful art and a painful weapon, to be used sparingly, not promiscuously. But in the hands of the New Journalists it is often a kind of media mafia sport, gunning down real live people, ridiculing them, making them sweat worry beads. We can hardly fault Joe McGinnis' evisceration of a public enemy like Nixon or Nicholas Tomalin's zapping of a King-Kong killer like General James F. Hollingworth, but many targets are not evil people, merely, you know, losers. Or people like Lenny Bernstein who have, well, gotten a trifle . . . pretentious. Or some bureaucrat with a row of pens in *both* pockets, for god's sakes! His miserable status life laid bare with a display of canines.

Well if you ever are dragged in front of some smiling Hi! I Am A Camera, and get zapped (POW! BLOWIE! ARGGGH!) by the shotgun behind the disinterested lens, there is one consolation. As most of these pieces suggest, the New Journalism, like the Old, deals mostly in ephemera, already crumbling to yellow journalism dust in the files of yesteryear. When the aging New Journalist takes that final look back at his days and ways, all he will see before darkness closes in is a mouldering pile of stylish inconsequentia, not *Père Goriot* or *Madame Bovary*, not even *Barchester Towers* or *Felix Holt*. If there is a difference between the Old Fiction and the New Journalism that is it, because fiction is blessed with a grace, a power of ideality and a compassion that is missing from the materials collected here.

What we have, mostly, is not manners but manner, and I say it's panache, and I say the hell with it.

John Seelye

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Zoom, Gloom, Doom and Room

Models of Doom: A Critique of the Limits to Growth

edited by H.S.D. Cole et al

(Universe Books; $2.95)

The Logarithmic Century: Charting Future Shock

by Ralph E. Lapp

(Prentice-Hall; $7.95)

The Doomsday Syndrome

by John Maddox

(McGraw-Hill; $6.95)

If it is the mark of a Bible to produce a Talmud, the two books of the canon of the Club of Rome, the Book of Forrester [1] and the Book of Meadows,[2] now have a strong claim to the title of Bible. The Talmud in question, *Models of Doom* (published in Great Britain under the title of *Thinking About the Future)*, is the main subject of this review, and is the product of a project team at the science policy research unit at the University of Sussex in England. Then if MIT, which still has its Professor Forrester, is the Jerusalem of the new movement (and Rome, of course, is its Rome), Sussex is perhaps its Geneva—Protestant but still a branch of the original phylum.

The basic revelation of the new movement is system dynamics. This starts with a set of variables which are taken as descriptive of the "initial state" of the system at some date, call it Time 0. These variables may be stocks, broken down by whatever classification we may wish—stocks of people (the human population), of resources, of physical capital, of knowledge and so on. The state description also contains change variables, which consist mainly of additions to or subtractions from stocks per unit of time, such as births and deaths in the case of the human population. The initial state then consists of a set of variables and a number corresponding to each one as of Time 0. Then we have to postulate a set of transformation rules which will transform each number in the state description at Time 0 into a number at Time 1, the next period, so that we get a list of numbers for each variable as of Time 1. We can then apply the transformation rules again, and we get a list as of Time 2, and we then continue this process for Time 3, Time 4, etc., indefinitely into the future.

The transformation rules do not have to be constant. We can have rules for changing the transformation rules, and changes are an important part of system dynamics as usually practiced. But the principle is the same in all cases—given an initial position or a set of transformation rules, which are fundamentally arithmetical rules, the applications of simple arithmetic will enable us to project the system indefinitely into the future. The computer comes in simply because it is able to do an enormous amount of simple arithmetic, far more than pencil and paper can do, and hence can handle much larger systems and more complex transformation rules than mere pencil-and-paper arithmeticians, or even mathematicians, could possibly perform. The great significance of the computer indeed is that it has revealed the poverty of advanced mathematics, which in its pencil-and-paper form can never handle more than a very few variables, and the immense value of sheer quantity in simple arithmetic.

A simple example of system dynamics is exponential growth; that is, growth at a constant rate. Suppose in our initial position we have a stock of anything, say the human population. Part of the initial position is the number which tells us how many items are added to the stock (births) and another number which tells us how many are subtracted from the stock (deaths). The stock at Time 1 then must be equal to the stock at Time 0, plus the births, minus the deaths. (In its general form this is what I have called the "bathtub theorem"—absolute growth equals absolute additions minus absolute subtractions.) If now we suppose that the ratio of births to the total population (the birth rate) and the ratio of deaths to the total population (the death rate) are constant, we have a transformation rule which will enable us to project the population indefinitely into the future. In this case the population simply grows at a constant rate equal to the birth rate minus the death rate.

We can now complicate the system by supposing that the birth and death rates change from one period to the next according to a formula which depends on other variables of the system, let us say per capita food production or per capita pollution, or population density, or anything we think would affect birth and death rates. Then at Time 1 we have birth and death rates that are different from Time 0, but we can use these to project the population at a Time 2 and use the other relationships to project the birth and death rates at Time 2, so we can go on again indefinitely into the future. The computer could print this out as a set of numbers. However it is quite easy to produce the results in graphic form in what has been called "computer spaghetti," in which each number is replaced by a point on a graph. This enables us to visualize the patterns of the model through time, although it is much harder to visualize the transformation rules which produce these patterns, that is the exact spaghetti machine which produces the spaghetti. The spaghetti machine and the spaghetti however are really the same thing expressed in different form.

The Sussex critique takes each of

[1] Jay W. Forrester, *World Dynamics* (Cambridge, Mass.: Wright-Allen Press, 1971).

[2] Donnella H. Meadows and Dennis L. Meadows *et al, The Limits to Growth* (New York: Universe Books, 1972).

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the various subsystems of the original Meadows model and subjects it to careful scrutiny, redoing the computer runs and in some cases (which is rather a dirty trick), running the model backward to see what happened in the 19th century on the assumptions of the model. This is known as "back casting." "The curves are curious—they seem to indicate that the 20th century lies in the aftermath of a catastrophic population collapse (from a previously infinite population) dated about 1880." The Meadows group, authors of *The Limits to Growth*, in their thoughtful and cogent rebuttal at the end of the book, point out that "back casting" is illegitimate because it reverses the feedback of the model, so that "normally insignificant errors tend to accumulate with each cycle of computation."

Up to a point the rebuttal is convincing. Stabilizing feedback loops will tend to produce an equilibrium as we move forward into the future, though they may produce cyclical fluctuations around some equilibrium, whereas moved back into the past, they would simply produce increasing disequilibrium. It is indeed the great virtue of the Meadows model that it does introduce ultimately stabilizing feedbacks, as indeed the Malthusian model implies, and "doom" of the model depends largely on the parameters of the system which give us not a reasonably smooth or mildly fluctuating course toward equilibrium, but catastrophic fluctuations which may take us over some sort of irreversible precipice. The capacity of cybernetic systems in which the feedback has just the wrong amounts of delay to produce uncontrollable fluctuations is well known. It is familiar to all those who have heard the agonizing screams of a public address system *in extremis*.

The Sussex reruns produce one optimistic model (page 130), but only on the heroic assumption that there are no limits to growth, which is precisely what cannot be assumed. Neither the Meadows group nor the Sussex group really comes to grips with the question: What is the optimum sensitivity of the system to feedback? This is really what the whole argument is about, and it should be possible to do more with it in the computer models but the technical problems may not be easy. There is furthermore a philosophical element in the situation which introduces what is virtually a nonexistence theorem about projections of the future—that we cannot predict the future of knowledge or we would know the future knowledge now and would not have to wait.

In social systems knowledge is an essential element. What we really know about the future is contained in mechanical systems such as the solar system or thermodynamic systems, though even thermodynamics is a probabilistic system and there is some doubt about it. Insofar as the social system is set in a mechanistic framework of an ultimately exhaustible earth, and indeed an ultimately exhaustible sun, we are able to detect certain future limits within which the social system must operate. Where these limits are however and how long it will take to get there we really do not know. As an equilibrium theorist Malthus was unquestionably right, but as a dynamic theorist and as a predictor he was a miserable failure, at least in the short run. If Malthus had had all the apparatus of the Forrester-Meadows models in 1798, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that he would have done any better in the light of what would have been plausible assumptions of the day. One rather wishes indeed that the Sussex group had actually done a Malthus for us. It would not be too difficult to do, that is, to run a Meadows model from 1798 on Malthusian assumptions. The result would certainly be grotesquely wrong.

One serious criticism of the Meadows model, which the Sussex group notes in passing but does not attempt to rectify, is that it is too sweepingly synthetic, treating what are really two worlds as if they were one. Thus the dynamics of the rich temperate zone may be very different in the future from the dynamics of the poor tropics, while the dynamics of the *interaction* between the rich and poor countries may be quite accessible to system dynamics and shed significant light on the problems of the next 100 years, especially in view of what seems to be an almost inevitable energy shortage.

Another weakness of the overaggregation of the Meadows model is in the failure to separate energy from materials, which are all lumped together under "natural resources." A further weakness of the model is the assumption that natural resources suffer constant decline, whereas what is significant is *known* natural resources, which in the last 100 years have been increasing rapidly. Energy is in a sense more fundamental than materials, and a model which spells out the consequences of energy shortages would be of great value. Neither the Meadows group nor the Sussex group does this. Here again, the fundamental unknowability of the future of knowledge is a critical element in the system. If in fact we go to a nuclear fusion, liquid hydrogen, liquid oxygen economy, the energy shortage which looms today may be as transient as the energy shortage which loomed in Britain for instance in the 1950s before the discovery of North Sea oil and gas. All this points up the fact that one of the major feedback loops in the real world, which is the feedback from scarcity through the price system through the payoff structure to knowledge and discovery, is missing from all these systems, though one would be as hesitant to put parameters on this feedback as one would on some of the others.

March Landscape

All the muted colors rinsed and clear
the cold day moons in birchlight, thuds
with rain on our old roof that will last
at least this spring—then we'll be gone.
Sad day, for all my coveting to capture
there is no snare, or song, to catch you in.
A repetition of some day last year,
your minute by minute ageless absorbing face
mocks the diminution that marks our lives.
Even last year's birds begin to fade
as they flit in gay flirtatious pairs
unentangled in the dripping net the trees
throw up against the sky, to fetch in a big haul.

JILL HOFFMAN

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It is interesting to turn from the Sussex volume to two others which are at a much lower level of sophistication as far as methodology is concerned but deal with much the same problems. Ralph E. Lapp is a distinguished physicist-lobbyist who has done excellent work on the implications of atomic energy. His book *The Logarithmic Century* again explores the possibility of growth at a constant rate for very long and comes to much the same conclusions as the Meadows and Sussex volumes, that growth must sometimes have an end. His methodology is rather a simple projection. He does not include any elaborate feedback loops, yet his conclusions are so similar to those of system dynamics that one wonders really if the more elaborate methodology has very high marginal payoffs. Nevertheless his lack of sophistication in dealing with social systems and his use of simple projections really means that he cannot come to grips with the essential problem, which is precisely that of *what* feedback mechanisms in the political and social sphere can lead to a non-destructive adaptation moving toward if not a steady, at least a steadier state.

John Maddox is an English physicist and editor of *Nature* magazine, and has played a somewhat similar role in England to Lapp's in the United States. His book *The Doomsday Syndrome* has no sophisticated methodology, though he does give a nod toward the Club-of-Rome system dynamics in an appendix. It is mainly an attack on the Ehrlich-Commoner school of ecological environment alarmists, pointing out that the human race does have remarkable problem-solving capacity and that it is not simply a passive member of a mindless ecosystem. Maddox's enthusiasm for cheerfulness occasionally carries him away (he is remarkably unaware for instance of any impending energy crisis and he overgeneralizes the British experience). Nevertheless he does point out that once the human race becomes aware of problems there is at least some tendency to solve them. There *are* technological fixes and there *are* methodological fixes, and there is no reason why things shouldn't be fixed by them, even though the moral fix may be the one that must ultimately *be* fixed. At least the cheerful pragmatism of Maddox produces a pleasant frame of mind in which to reduce the probabilities of doom.

In all these discussions the critical problem is room—how big in reality is the human niche? Perhaps the two most significant phenomena of human history have been first, the tendency of man to expand into an existing niche and second, his tendency to expand the niche itself once an old niche has become tight. This is what has brought us from the paleolithic to the neolithic to civilization, and now to post-civilization. The critical question is: how far can this expansion of the niche go on? A strong case can be made that it cannot go on for very long; that is the human race is now approaching the ultimate limits of its niche. There is some probability, which I would hate to have to estimate, that this may not be true, that we might go for instance to a technology which would permit the expansion of the human race to a world city, with a population of 100 billion, which would still give us a density less than Los Angeles. Nevertheless the proposition that our capacity to prevent a disaster through cybernetic overshooting will diminish rapidly with further increase in world population is certainly plausible. The plain fact is that we know very little about the ultimate carrying capacity of the earth. In the light of this ignorance there is a lot to be said for being on the safe side. The point is that ultimately (and this means not in the indefinite future, but in strictly historic time, perhaps within a century, at most within five centuries), the final limits of the human niche will have been reached. Then we will have to divert our intellectual energies toward finding out how to live decently in a finite niche rather than directing them toward expanding the niche. This is the ultimate moral of all this literature and it is a moral which simply cannot be denied. On the other hand we *can* argue about how soon, and this is really all that the argument between the Meadows group and the Sussex group involves. That the ultimate limits of growth must be reached evinces no dispute. A major intellectual effort is now necessary to chart the dangerous course toward the last undiscovered continent—spaceship earth.

Kenneth E. Boulding

Correction

Richard Levy, co-author of "Whose Alaskan Oil?" (*TNR*, July 28 & August 4, 1973) was erroneously identified as a practicing attorney. Mr. Levy is a law student at Georgetown University.

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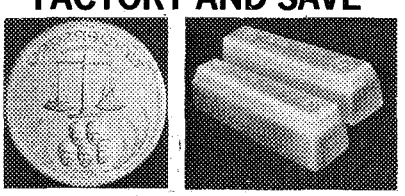

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by George S. Sternlieb and Bernard P. Indik
(Transaction Books; $9.75)

The dynamism of the American economy has not only kept the homeowners moving from city to suburb and suburb to suburb, but has also driven the poor from farm to city and from slum to slum. The middle class experiences the new metropolitan economy aesthetically in the ugliness of suburban sprawl; low-income Americans experience the new economy in unemployment, underemployment, poverty wages and in increasingly isolated slums.

These two scholarly monographs are excellent reports on two key dimensions of today's urban problems. Pressman and Wildavsky's *Implementation* is an Oakland, California case study of the new and essential field of job creation for stranded inner city workers. Sternlieb and Indik's *Ecology of Welfare* reviews the classic problem of low-income housing in New York City. Although both are slow reading, their detail clearly and explicitly defines the limits of Roosevelt-to-Johnson urban programs in the years just prior to the Nixon dismantling. They thus offer the basic information about the current manifestation of poverty and reveal the roots of failure of our most advanced policies. If Americans are ever to shoulder the task of creating humane and inclusive cities these facts must be learned and dealt with.

Oakland and New York are urban America. Their poorest residents are not immigrant laborers or farm boys on an urban holiday lounging on streetcorners enjoying the new-found luxury of big city welfare checks. "Able-bodied males certainly do not dominate the welfare rolls. Increasingly, welfare expenditures are divided between the elderly (predominately white) and primarily fatherless families in the Aid to Families with Dependent Children (ADC) program (typically minority group members). Most welfare recipients in New York City are either born in the city or are long residents there." Sternlieb and Indik's report is familiar: inadequate support payments, lifetimes of bad medical care, ill-maintained and dangerous neighborhoods, poor housing, intensified class and racial segregation, and the absence of decent schools, day care centers and social services.

The welfare population however shares its slums with working males and females and the able-bodied seeking work. The four authors concur that New York is the same as Oakland. Both cities exemplify the modern metropolitan paradox of a "flourishing economy" where new jobs and new skills open up in both the central city and the suburbs —but not for the unskilled minority worker. For that worker, when he tries "to find employment after his previous manufacturing job has been relocated to the suburbs, the situation is markedly different. His informal connection with the manufacturing job market has been atrophied, for his friends and neighbors are in no better a position than he. Even if he finds a job, he may not be able to commute daily, for he is either too poor to own a reliable car, or the public transport system does not serve the new plant. When he turns to the expanding non-manufacturing job market near at hand, he finds his skills are no longer in demand, his poor educational background ill fits him to learn new skills, and he faces anew the problem of overcoming racial discrimination."

Thus the dynamics of the private economy create the new-style inner city slum, a place of welfare women and old people maintained in poverty through callousness, racism and sheer class greed, a place of unemployment, underemployment and ill-paying jobs created by the popular social license for private firms to seek private profit maximization. Thus the major issue for today is the new configuration of national poverty, not, as in the past, vast regions of rural bankruptcy, but hundreds of metropolitan slums which entrap perhaps a fifth of our fellow citizens.

Pressman and Wildavsky's case study is an analysis of the Economic Development Administration's attempt to adapt its rural development strategies to job creation for inner city minorities. Between 1965 and 1970 loans and grants totaling $13,700,000 were given in Oakland to the local airport, an industrial park, a marine terminal, a health center and a number of small businesses. At best the federal capital created 2000 jobs, most not permanent. In passing the Berkeley scholars dissect the evangelistic, public relations style of Washington anti-poverty administration. More important, they examine with great care the inherent problems of any national program which must carry out its tasks on a city-by-city basis. They make an unimpeachable case for close attention to the modes of implementing policy, and to my mind their chapters five and six constitute the first solid survey of the administra-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

SAM BASS WARNER'S *study of* The Urban Wilderness *(Harper & Row; $12.50) was published early this year.* KENNETH BOULDING *teaches in the Institute of Behavioral Science of the University of Colorado.* KENNETH EVETT *is of the College of Architecture, Art and Planning at Cornell University.* JILL HOFFMAN, *whose first book of poems will be published soon by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, will be teaching at Brooklyn College in the fall.*

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tive thickets through which future urban policies will have to make their way. But their concluding chapter recommending direct wage subsidies for the long-term unemployed, though intelligent, is hardly handled with the seriousness and close reasoning that built-in urban unemployment and underemployment deserve.

The Ecology of Welfare is the latest in a series of monographs on the private housing market published by the Rutgers Center for Urban Policy Research. No group in the country knows the subject better or does more careful work. In this case the subjects for study are welfare recipients; the means, a series of interviews and surveys which are linked to previous data on rent-controlled buildings in New York. Much of the work is a consumer satisfaction analysis and it is a pleasure to see the poor treated with at least as much respect as the rest of us enjoy in the latest Yankalovich survey of our preferences in clothes dryers. The poor report that they have been living in the same city we all pass through, but they experience it directly. Although they complain, and with good reason, of conditions in the apartments, their chief distress comes from the outside environment: drugs, crime and the incessant danger to and harassment of the pensioner, the mother and her children. No civic order protects these citizens.

A double discrimination confines welfare recipients. They are discriminated against as blacks and Puerto Ricans, and also as welfare people. Although they pay about six percent more for housing space than non-welfare families they have been increasingly corralled into welfare buildings and welfare blocks. After a careful economic analysis of welfare-inhabited structures, Sternlieb and Indik conclude that there just isn't enough money in the low-income rent bill to maintain decent buildings. The authors note the growing decay and abandonment of the inner city, then add: "The market is slipping, the parameters eroding and the necessity for action becoming more obvious every day."

Yet unfortunately in the face of this urgency the researchers have little to offer: yes, we should continue to experiment, large-scale municipal leasing would help, rehabilitation programs should be continued and enlarged.

I read both studies to be evidence that conditions in the United States need to be met as they have been met in the advanced metropolitan economies of northern Europe. The private market, for all its subsidies and tax breaks offered by current and past federal programs, cannot house low-income families in any decency. The private economy, with its frequent shifts in spatial and occupational concentrations, cannot go unattended without stranding millions of families in unemployment, underemployment and poverty wages. In the social democratic countries of northern Europe, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and England, long-standing and massive public housing programs and continuous intervention in the private economy have saved their citizens from the hazards of the destructive patterns of daily life which now prevail here. From these examples it seems that the American kind of poverty is as preventable as diphtheria, if a nation wants to take the trouble to eliminate it.

Where these books fall short then is in their authors' unwillingness to confront the full meaning of their empirical findings. Gentlemen, the daily lives of millions of your fellow Americans are at stake, and as in the Great Depression, the viability of the private economy is at stake. You have been given grants to study our situation at length and at leisure. We are entitled to a thorough evaluation. Can your brief and pessimistic suggestions of a few reforms mean that you fear major surgery is required?

Sam Bass Warner, Jr.

In Brief

The Making of the President 1972 by Theodore H. White

(Atheneum Publishers; $10)

White considers the writing of this volume about the 1972 presidential election his most difficult assignment so far. But the result doesn't seem equal to the challenge. The rambling chronicle offers few new insights into either the Nixon victory or the McGovern defeat.

Watergate aside, White willingly accepts most of the Nixon rationale—even on the war. Nixon's constant concern was peace, White asserts, though the search for the "right kind of peace" led to the May 1972 bombing and mining of North Vietnam and the Christmas 1972 raids on Hanoi. Such actions White does not really probe except to describe how agonizingly they were undertaken. Nor does he conceal his admiration for the Nixon who could keep control (however deeply he suffered from the outbursts of dissent) and shrewdly size up most of the people "out there" to give them what they wanted.

The McGovern candidacy, of course, was one big failure—doomed from the moment the Chicago convention unsuspectingly voted for party reform in 1968. The product of the reform aspiration was the Democratic Convention in 1972, which was made chaotic in White's opinion by its ultimate quota system with "blacks, youth, and women swirling around a podium at which only [Larry] O'Brien occasionally gave them contact with a Democratic Past." White is more charitable toward McGovern himself, portraying him as trapped by his early grassroots successes and his less-than-firm grasp of basic political realities. "It is doubtful that in 1972, given the moods, emotions, and public issues of that year, George McGovern or any other Democrat could have been elected."

If the analysis is disappointing, the level of characterization is more gratifying, reflecting the legwork, extensive interviews and careful research involved. White generously supplies character sketches and behind-the-scenes conversations of the campaign staffers, which for the most part keep the pace brisk.

Tamsin by Tamsin Fitzgerald

(Dial, $6.95)

As 20-year-old Tamsin Fitzgerald, author and heroine of *Tamsin*, is about to be released from prison, she spends two hours talking with a Vocational Rehabilitation official, whose big question to her is, what does she regard as her vocational handicap? Her big reply: adolescence.

The old will agree with her, but she might find agreement offensive. She seems to have meant her reply as a joke to point up a stupid question. That, and as a play for sympathy. Throughout the book she vacillates between representing herself as a poor young thing up against a bad old world, and a know-it-all. The combination is not always

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endearing.

Take her crime for example and how she presents it. She and her 21-year-old lover Michael tried to hijack a plane to Cuba, armed with knife and bug canister. They failed, were duly captured. No one was hurt. Ms. Fitzgerald reports that they weren't trying to hurt anybody anyway: "we would have greatly preferred it if no force were necessary, if the pilot would, as a favor, take us the extra ten minutes and ninety miles to the island of our dreams." Is the statement a joke? Maybe, but Michael did keep the pilot covered with the knife from New York to Miami.

Ah but so young and ignorant. Yes, but in subsequent pages Ms. Fitzgerald is righteously and lengthily indignant about what is wrong with our prisons, and fully authoritative on how to live and love. Even a reader sympathetic with her prison complaints and general sense of injury may come to wonder what her social morality would do for the world, since she *does* seem to think the airline and all those other passengers really owed her and Michael the favor of the 90 miles and 10 minutes.

The book should sell depressingly well among those who believe that it is largely beautiful people who get locked up, and that one can hijack a plane and still be one who "would not 'do' anything 'to' anybody."

Confessions of a Hope Fiend by Timothy Leary

(Bantam; $1.95)

The latest effusion from Tim Leary (remember old Tim Leary?) comes to us out of the past, in more ways than one. It reports events of 1970, which is when he mostly wrote it, and its rhetoric is just as old-fashioned. Remember the quaint mind-blown jargon of The Trip?

> After the customary preparations we plunged outward cutting a pathway of law through the tumbling chaos of interplanetary time. We were dropping dropping through layers of pluriverses in a barely controlled escape curve. Soon we must give the order to slow down and halt on one level.

Alas, consciousness expansion is old hat now; peyote and LSD and other uppers are now (excuse it please) a drug on the market; and old Tim Leary has been discarded along with the beads and flowers. This is that story. Leary tells about his life in San Luis Obispo prison, his B-picture escape ("I wanted Errol Flynn and out came Harold Lloyd") with the help of the Weathermen, his traumatic meeting with Bernadine Dohrn, and his escape to Africa—an escape that leads him into Eldridge Cleaver's military enclave in Algiers, etc., etc. Leary, Cleaver, Bernadine, the Weathermen, the Panthers, cosmic consciousness, revolution—man, what a nostalgia trip!

What Leary discovered in all this was mainly the truth of that old saw "outasite out of mind." The scene had moved on while he was in jail, to the Weathermen, Cleaver, political violence and revolution. When he reappeared he was a 50-year-old Rip Van Winkle; and by the end of the year many others joined him in obscurity: the days of rage in Chicago and the Greenwich Village explosion blew the Weathermen into splinters, and Cleaver's Algerian exile made him a nowhere man and left Huey Newton as King of the Cats.

As for Leary, he found himself a prophet without honor in the counterculture. Writing the story for his freak followers, he discovered that radical editors couldn't care less; so that after several years of tinkering he ended up with straight old Bantam Books. Very sad, surely, and a Lesson to Us All.

Sedulus on TV

Tube Dreams in the Sheikdom

Long hot Watergate summer, ain't it?—not to change the subject (who can?), there's a slambang new "novel of adventure" on the stands by Michael Gilbert (*The 92nd Tiger*, Harper & Row) that has the aging star of a long-run TV d-rtytr-cks thriller thrust suddenly into the *real* d-rty-tr-cks world, so that art and life get properly mixed. Very relevant. The aging star is hired by the sheik of a tiny Persian Gulf country to be its military adviser. The sheik travels to London with his 15-year-old son specifically for the hiring. Neither father nor son has any time for professional military help; they seek instead the genuine fictional article they have grown up with on the tube. Son asks star to display magnificent dorsal muscles. Star does, muscles look real, son is satisfied, story proceeds. *And* it is a good story, witty and much to the Watergate moment.

Is life imitating James Bond, or J. B. imitating life? We'll get to that troublesome question shortly, but first let us contemplate Sheik Nixon and all his chillun being seduced by J. B. In fact J. B. has been mentioned a number of times during the real Watergate procedings, usually to suggest nastily that the demented Hunt-McCord-Liddy crowd thought they were stars in a "B" movie rather than employees of the Committee for the Re-election of the President. John Mitchell's scorn for the fantasists was particularly acute, but there have been several other testifiers equally ready to dissociate themselves from d-rtytr-cks by simply claiming to be realists. "The Watergate burglars were children," is the line, making adults of those who adopt the line.

Mebbe we've worried enough about TV's child-and-nut conditioning, and should get seriously to what it does to adults. Forget the reams of copy about the thumb-sucking set. Forget also the tales of how the airlines have been terrorized by thriller nuts. Forget Arthur Bremer, forget the dozens of other nut instances, and just contemplate briefly the proposition that the *average* American citizen is now ready to pick a few locks at midnight. True or false?

Truer, I'd say, than 20 years ago, and I'd blame the shift partly on the tube and partly on the real-life CIA. No question but that the tube has, in those 20 years, given us plenty of the J. B. sort of thing. But so has the CIA, and its activities have been exposed with monotonous regularity.

Twenty years ago we were as a people thoroughgoing innocents about intelligence. Remember Graham Green's story of the '50s about Vietnam and the CIA's d-rtytr-ck presence there? It was called *The Quiet American*, it was art stealing straight from life, and *nobody believed it*. Twenty years later we have not only been driven to believe it but we have a whole stablefull of genuine cloak-and-daggerers participating in the wildness *outside* the CIA, as if nothing were more normal. There

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surely, is conditioning.

The tube obviously picked up plenty of its stuff from the CIA, but how about vice versa? Well there must be youthful creeps at the CIA now whose 40-hours-a-week in front of the tube have been decisive, but the original CIA impetus surely came from elsewhere, that is, from the real—is it real?—intelligence world (governmental and industrial). The CIA began by borrowing from the Russians, the British, the Israelis, all the experienced intelligence groups that American Ivy-League novices tried to catch up on in the Cold War days after WWII. Talk to any CIA-believer and the answer to the question, how did we ever grow a CIA anyway? will come back fast: had to fight fire with fire. Fight the Commies especially. Indoctrination in Commie d-rtytr-cks has always been kindergarten education for CIA trainees.

No need to argue here the validity of the fight-fire-with-fire thesis. Just competing with the Commies has put us in their league, and it is in that league that we have foundered. So the question is now, is our commitment to that league hard and firm, or are we as a people just indulging another tube dream? No question but that Sheik Nixon thinks our commitment is real—he's been dreaming it for years. But the lock-pickers down below? And the peepul below that? There's evidence—maybe happy evidence—that collectively we are still dreamers about police-state intelligence procedures and what they *really* entail. For example CIA training as well as tube indoctrination tells us that an agent driving a U-2 should commit suicide if his ship falls into enemy hands—but does he? And the indoctrination tells us that agents must do all sorts of other ultimate things in emergencies: burn documents, blow up evidence and secret equipment, eat coded messages, you name the tr-ck. But do the agents of our sweet land of liberty follow through as ordered?—nope, when captured or exposed they never get around to taking the cyanide pills.

Also we have as a people managed to keep our naiveté—against mountains of evidence—about a central pillar of intelligence doctrine, namely and to wit, that an operation must always be set up in such a way that if it were to be blown the chief instigator of it, on top, could effectively deny involvement because the connecting links would not exist. I am astonished that nobody on Senator Ervin's committee has made the point that this *is* basic intelligence doctrine. John Mitchell gave the doctrine away, but nobody fell, when he said he was *protecting* our Sheik from knowledge of the operations. Of course. What Mitchell might have added was that it was his *job*, given to him by the Sheik, to protect the Sheik, who can hardly conceivably have failed to say to him at some early point in the procedings, "John, you understand that I can't afford to know about any of this."

Is our Sheik merely dreaming if he imagines that this last intelligence pillar will hold? Hard to say. One thing is sure: the subpoenaed tapes that he refuses to turn over are not at the moment evidence of anything. Their existence should not be taken, for instance, as evidence of his lack of faith in the pillar since he is already using them, filtered neatly through Haldeman, to protect himself; his innocence will not be cracked that-a-way.

Beyond Nixon's own dreams of keeping his virtue are those of his backers, whose protestations in his behalf are getting more strident. They are calling the Watergate proceedings a witch-hunt, an assertion that if not professionally Machiavellian is dreamy indeed—the ultimate big-business, high-finance dream of the system's purity.

Who can say how widely the witch-hunt sentiments are held? My guess is that there is less faith in the Sheik's innocence than simple apathy. The apathy may be heavily the tube's doing—the tube being the thumb-suck god for adults too—but whatever the cause, and however widely spread, the apathy is neither better nor worse than phony, hypocritical innocence. They are both sick, sick.

Correspondence

Cover-up at CBS?

Sirs:

Peter J. Ognibene in his "The Electronic Battlefield" (*TNR*, July 21, 1973) asks "Cover-up at CBS? He implies that we ducked a sequence on the communications system called "Compass Link," used in Vietnam, because it was developed by CBS Laboratories.

Nonsense. CBS News reported the details about "Compass Link" on April

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13, 1969 in "Eye in the Sky," an episode in *The 21st Century* series, which I produced. We clearly labeled CBS Laboratories as the developer. We repeated the broadcast on August 24, 1969.

Burton Benjamin
Senior Executive Producer, CBS
New York City

In reply:
Mr. Benjamin misses the point. In the article I acknowledged that "'Compass Link' has been a matter of public record since 1969." Its relationship to the electronic battlefield, however, is another matter. The question of a "Cover-up at CBS?" arises from the failure of CBS News to run a segment that tied CBS Laboratories through "Compass Link" to the clustered bomb units (CBUs) that have caused so many casualties in Indochina.

Peter J. Ognibene

Watergate

Sirs:
Your article "Prosecution And Publicity," published June 16, insults the very idea of intellectual and moral integrity.

Because you find the Watergate incident a "singular event" in our history, you claim that procedural niceties allowed for other criminal defendants do not belong to White House culprits.

Nonsense! Equality before the law demands otherwise.

As far as singularity goes, where were you when the Democratic machines in Chicago and Texas pulled their shenanigans in 1960? Or when the same party pulled "dirty tricks" against Senator Goldwater in 1964?

Isn't your position simply determined by whose ox is being gored?

David J. Adrian
Pontiac, Mich.

On "War Hero"

Sirs:
Ward Just's short story, "War Hero," that you recently published is inane without redeeming qualities. If it has anything to say it eludes me. The characters are vague despite some awful stereotyping. The role of the captain's wife is obscure except as she quite naturally persisted in his mind's wanderings while he was at war. And who was the interviewer? Is he to be wholly inferred from the miserable crumbs of mental monologue Just provides?

When I later read in *The Washington Post* that "War Hero" was the first short story *The New Republic* has published in eons I was astounded and immediately sorry I renewed my subscription for five long years . . . Along with the recent string of long-winded reviews of yesterday's literary classics, "War Hero" indicates an absence of vigorous editorial criticism. Bring on the red line.

Eric Feaver
Washington, DC

Sirs:
I have been reading the magazine for some time now and thought the "War Hero" story (*TNR*, July 21, 1973) one of the finer pieces I have seen in a magazine. . . .

Joshua Baer
Santa Cruz, Calif.

The Lowell Book

Sirs:
I read Marjory Perloff's review of Robert Lowell's *The Dolphin* (TNR, July 7 & 14) with dismay. The nasty descriptions of Lowell's characters, the lack of sympathy for Lowell's experiments with poetic diction, the impatience with the entire project. . . . What has unbalanced this usually perceptive critic?

Ms. Perloff dismisses Lowell's plot as "sheer soap opera" and his language as "ordinary straightforward prose." These charges are exaggerated, as any reader of the volume will know, but they also show a disturbing lack of concern for what Lowell is trying to achieve. For a long time now, Lowell has been arguing that poetry must "escape from its glass." Twelve years ago, in his *Paris Review* interview, he said he was fascinated by the simple language and the "human richness" of prose fiction and wished he could appropriate them into his poetry. Lowell's most recent volumes are his attempt to do just that. Whether or not he succeeds fully, Lowell deserves more than a contemptuous dismissal. . . .

Steven G. Axelrod
Riverside, Calif.

Troubles with Real Life

Sirs:
In *The Song of the Lark* Willa Cather faithfully patterned Thea Kronberg after the great Swedish-American soprano, Olive Fremstad (1868-1951). If Lawrence Olson (TNR, July 7 & 14) finds it an unsatisfactory story, his quarrel is more with life than literature.

A. C. Hall
Dallas, Texas

Sirs:
In his review (TNR, June 2) of Jack London's great novel *Martin Eden*, Mr. Yardley says he sees no "immediate parallel in London's life" to the meeting of Eden with Ruth Morse. Irving Stone, in his biography of London *(Sailor On Horseback)*, firmly suggests that the real-life character on whom Ruth Morse was patterned was a woman named Mabel Applegarth.

R. Grant
Fall River, Mass.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

and women, not all of them young, to Carmines. I'm no longer so grateful. Many of the people in *The Faggot* are performers I have seen for years at the Judson Church, and since they are no better than they used to be, they are in effect worse. The audience has developed a coterie feeling between themselves and the stage, not the feeling of community that is the optimum but of conspiracy, cheering established inadequacies they would resent elsewhere, I believe. The level of acting and singing and staging in *The Faggot* would probably be blasted in a Broadway theater. Here it is tolerated, no longer as growing pains but as achievement, as proof of noncommercial purity. But if one takes a clear look the emperor is not only naked, he looks pretty terrible in the buff.

Is it permissible to call a serious work of drama criticism "enjoyable"? I hope so, because I certainly enjoyed *Contradictory Characters* by Albert Bermel. Vigorously written, purposeful and impassioned, it's at the furthest remove from

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obligatory academic sludge, though it is highly competent in its scholarship.

Bermel, theater critic of *The New Leader* and drama teacher in the City University of New York, has examined 13 plays of the modern theater, beginning and ending with Ibsen (*Ghosts* and *When We Dead Awaken*). His point of departure—of arrival, really—is in the three well known types of dramatic conflict: between characters, between character and environment, and within the protagonist himself. His emphasis is on the last. He argues that in the modern drama, "the character-against-himself is not only a type of conflict, but the prototype . . . A conflict between characters arises out of a conflict within the principal character."

With this Bermel insists on a theatrical view: he thinks always in terms of performance, of how his ideas about these plays can be effected in performance, how—in many cases—they cannot be avoided in an adequate performance; and how the truth-giving power of good performance nullifies some fancy esthetic theories about these plays. (And he emphasizes that these plays are only selections: other plays by these and other authors would serve as well.) Thus his book has an unusual quality: drama criticism conceived almost as prior theater criticism. "The chapters of this book . . . 'review' forward."

Obviously one can and must argue with such a book. Without clubbiness or cowardice, Bermel surely expects that his book is a stimulant, not a doctrine. Here are only some of my own differences. Giraudoux is out of place in this company of writers. In Strindberg's *The Father* the Captain hurls a lighted lamp at his wife, not as a symbol of "enlightenment" but because it is night and the lamp is lighted and because at the moment he is insanely furious at her. (In some translations it's called a "burning lamp," which itself would kill the enlightenment symbol.) Joan in Shaw's play signs the confession in the trial scene, not because "tomorrow is another day" and she wants to complete her mission, but because she recoils, healthily, from the prospect of being burned alive when she really comes face to face with it. It's only when she learns the alternative—death in life—that she tears up the confession.

But Bermel's reading of *Saint Joan* is generally helpful. So is his reading of *The Three Sisters*, in which he shows how Chekhov made Natasha (the barbarous sister-in-law) something much more interesting than a mere "heavy." He gives further help with Brecht's *The Good Woman of Setzuan* (almost makes me like it!), with the two Ibsen plays, with Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Happy Days*. He opens up amazingly Artaud's five-page play *The Fountain of Blood*, and he rightly redirects attention to the work of Georg Kaiser.

One last, important quotation. Bermel insists, even in the Artaud chapter, that his study is based on character:

> The parts will be played by actors and, for better or worse, actors unavoidably leave their psychological impress on a production. One of the assumptions I have made through all these chapters is that actors need to understand what they are doing *especially* when the characters themselves do not understand. No matter what critics, directors, or playwrights may say, there is no such thing as a non-psychological play. Even a puppet performance comments on human motives and behavior.

It's a sound corrective in a theater age that sometimes thinks it is reaching the state of abstract painting or music. And it is typical of a sound, *enjoyable* book.

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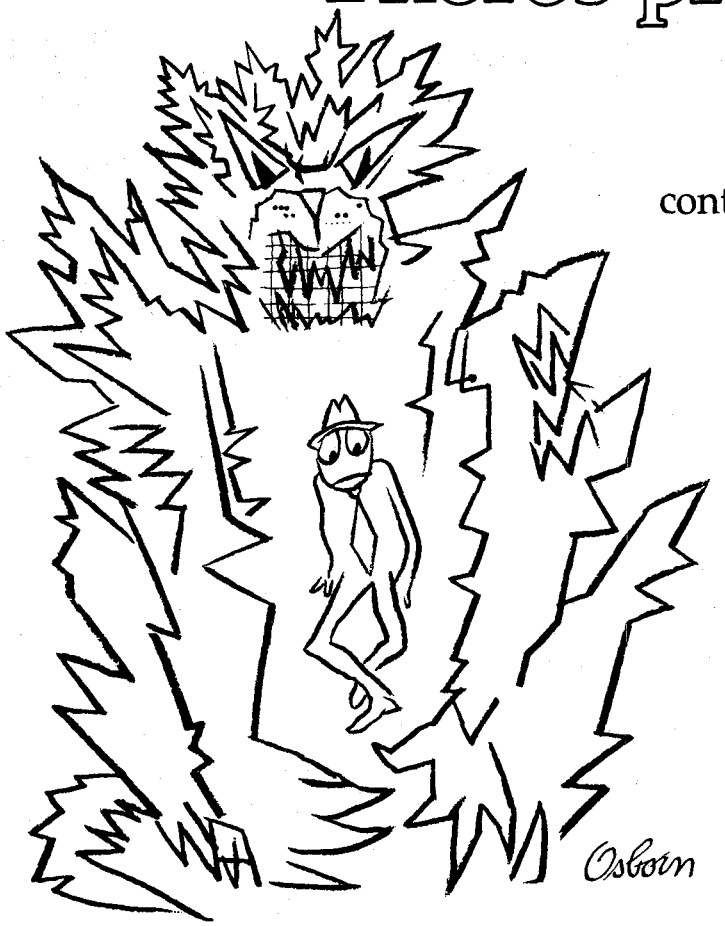

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